

Halo ODST: Project Valkyrie

by XlegacyZero

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Summary: Orbital Drop Shock Troopers; It is said one ODST can take on an entire squad of Marines with one hand tied behind their back, I don't know about the average Trooper but their once existed a single team of ODST capable of taking down an entire battalion of covenant forces with little to no aid. What could extinguish such a flame you may ask? Humanity's Darkness. This is their tale.

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Prologue\*\***

\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Halo 3 ODST OST Asphalt And Ablution Theme on YouTube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\*

In the year 2556 when the conflict with the Covenant had concluded another war was fought behind the scenes, a war for the very future of humanity. To most, the heroes that fought and died during those battle shall remain nameless. However to the few that survived the heroic actions of a team of Orbital Drop Shock Troopers shall be counted with those of Legend.

On an unknown moon of Paravin, a planet previous unexplored, the ruins of Legend make their way to the surface.

"We're wasting time." the frustrated marine groaned kicking the burn ground beneath his feet, "Six days searching up and down this rock and we haven't found anything to tell us what the Covenant were after."

"Yeah, but its not everyday the Covenant glass a supposedly barren rock." His fellow marine exclaimed as he rises a loose stone to eye level and examines it carefully, "Something happened here."

"You said supposedly?" the first marine remarked turning to face his fellow marine.

"Well... you didn't hear it from me, but I heard that the surveillance team over in the westward sector uncovered all types of buildings and Constructs. Even evidences of a few firefights." the second marine explained.

"Eh, it was probably just some kind of internal conflict." The Marine responded as throw his hands in the air demonstrating his lack of interest in any of this, "I'm sure the covenant has their share of troublemakers just like we do."

"But why glass half the planet?" The second marine snapped locking eyes with the skeptic, "If you ask me someones trying very hard to make sure whatever happened here never reaches the light of day."

"Its actually a moon." The first Marine said sarcastically.

"This coming from the guy who called it a rock not even two minutes ago." his buddy whispered under his breath.

"Sergeant Hudson I think I've found something!" A lone female Marines voice rises above the whispers occupying the surveillance sight.

The Marine hands her findings over to the Sergeant in Charge, as he begins to analyze it. It was some sort of transparent cylinder container with black gears holding it together on both its left and right, inside was what appeared to be an A.I. Unit shimmering in a bright violet. "Prep a Warthog! We need to get this to the Commander immediately" the Sergeant insisted.

"Roger!" The marines answered, Their voices synchronized.

Quickly Sergeant Hudson and his fellow marines hopped into the nearest Warthog and began to navigated the now lifeless moon of Paravin. They could still smell the scent of char even though it was evident that planet had been set afire months or even years ago.

"Wonder what happened here?" the female Marine spoke, "The Geo Scientist say at one point this place must have been very beautiful."

"Well not anymore. The Covenant made sure of that." Sergeant Hudson hissed.

"What's up with that anyway?" one of the junior marines asked, "I thought the Covenant stopped glassing planets at the end of the war."

"They're are somethings that are better destroyed than revealed." Sergeant Hudson replied, "Maybe the Covenant found something like that here. Something they believe is better to bury than reveal for all to see."

"Like what?" The eager marine asked.

"How the hell should I know?" Sergeant Hudson laughed, "Maybe they did it for their own well-being... or maybe they did it for the good of the galaxy. One things for sure we'll have more answer than we have now ones I get this to the Commander." Sergeant Hudson picks up the

canister with both hands then stares deeply into its radiate light a warmth washes over him and his breathing slows.

"You alright Sergeant?" The female yells as she grips the steering wheel of the raging Warthog snapping Sergeant Hudson out of his trance.

"Yes... Fine... Lets keep moving." The Sergeant finally said.

Inside the Commanding Officer's Ship

"Excuse the interruption Commander, but you need to see this." The Sergeant said sternly standing in the doorway of the Officer in Charge of the surveillance site. He was a Major: Caucasian with white hair and a stocky build.

"Sergeant Hudson, just the man I wanted to see. I've received unsettling news from the Westward Sector, I was hoping to tell you about it so that you could pass the information along. Things are indeed more grave then I'd thought." The Major went on, taking a seat in a nearby chair as he did.

"Sir."Sergeant Hudson said as he move the containment unit into the Commander's line of sight.

The Major caught sight of the unit and was silent for a moment until he the words finally left his lips,"Bring it here." The Sergeant move shifty placing the containment unit on the deck just before the Major,"Well don't sit it there. Open It."

"Open it, Sir." the sergeant replied hesitantly, "But, isn't that something more up ONI alley than our own."

"Let me tell you something sergeant. If we ship this up to the higher ups do you know what's going to happen?" The Major paused,"They're gonna send it to the engineers to make sure isn't filled with some kind of poisonous gas, If it checks outs they are gonna send it to some idiot who has absolutely no idea what to do with it so he'll probably send it back to the engineers who will in turn send it back to him. He'll realize his mistake then send it to ONI where if it hasn't been completely destroyed during its shipping process will activate it and asked it questions. Then throw it into an evidence locker never to be heard from again. Now we can wait for all of that... or we can stop wasting everyone's time and open it right now."

\*\*[\*\*Play Halo ODST Project Valkyrie Lucy's Theme on You Tube\*\*]\*\*

"Yes sir."The Sergeant said with doubt in his voice as he picked up the container and slow but surely began to open it. As he moved his hands to open the unit a violet light erupted from the container the two shielded their eyes from the blinding light. When the two Marines could finally see again, there she was a beautiful AI with long hair that rested on her hips and a violet form.

A single word left the Major lips,"Magnificent."

"Sir I just realized." Sergeant Hudson exclaimed,"What if the container was filled with poison gas?"

The Major still in awe of the AI before him and only half paying attention to the sergeant's worries said, "Why do you think I had you open it?" Sergeant Ortiz was very quiet after that.

Slowly the AI opened it's eyes and guided them to the two men staring at her so very carefully. She said no words however the expression of her face was one of sorrow but also determination, as if she had something that needed to be done. Something that would pain her greatly to do.

The Major attempted to break the silents, "Hello I'm..." was all he had time to say before he was interrupted by the small violet lady in front of him.

"I know who are." The AI snapped as she moved her eyes to the Sergeant beside his commander, "The both of you. Sergeant Edward Hudson and Major Victor Long."

The two look at each other in disbelief then back at the AI, "I'm afraid you have us at a disadvantage Miss?" Major Long adds.

"Lucy... you may call me Lucy." The AI spoke.

"Well Lucy." The Major started, "Where did you come from? Who created you?"

"I... I can't tell ya that." Lucy said calmly.

"I've got a question." The sergeant adds, "You are a smart AI are you not?"

The AI's face cringed a little as she crossed her arms, a subtle anger made its way into her eyes as she stared the sergeant down. Sergeant Hudson stepped back sensing the flames of her rage. Her expression and body language screaming I can't believe you just asked that.

"Then who was you're programming based on?" The Major interjected trying to defuse the situation.

Lucy looked up at the ceiling of the office as if she was debating whether or not to give them said information, finally she spoke, "Nope. Can't answer that one either."

"You know, for a smart AI there are a whole lot of things you don't know." Sergeant Hudson concluded.

"Lets get something straight Marine!" Lucy snapped, "I never said I don't know the answer to your question. I merely stated that I'm unable to answer them."

"Why's that?" Sergeant Hudson replied.

"Think about it for a sec genius." Lucy exclaimed, "Why else would someone program an AI like myself to be unable to answer certain questions."

"Well?" Sergeant Hudson replied in a way that screamed I have no

idea.

"Someone's tryin to keep their nose clean." The Major answered, "Probably the person that created you."

"That's a gold star Major." Lucy smiled, "However your information is a little lacking. The man that created me did so in the loving memory of his dead wife, however... the man that eventually got his hands on me... Lets just say my coding isn't as pure as it used to be."

"Okay... Lucy." Major Long exclaimed, taking a sit at his desk interlacing his fingers in deliberation, "I need answers. You have answer."

"I'm listening." Lucy replied.

"How can we both benefit from this new find friendship?" The major asked calmly.

"Friendship?" Lucy grinned. She knew he was only trying to get on her good side, so that maybe she would give him that he wanted. "First off, I don't think you want to be my friend major. They have a way of dying."

"Is that so?" Major Long replied taking note of her warning.

"Mmm hmm." Lucy grinned, "And secondly I haven't been hiding anything from you. So far I've just been unable to answer the questions you've posed."

The Major looked at her then exhaled deeply. Slowly he moved his hands under the desk he was sitting and pulled out a charred hunk of metal. But as Lucy examined it more closely she found it to be the burnt remains of a Spartan Helmet of a unique design. A large chunk had broken off from the upper left half. "So." Major long started, "What can you tell me about this?"

"Yep Major, you got it. That's correct question." Lucy frowned with eyes filled with sorrow.

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Hope your having a nice day. this is a prologue for my upcoming ODSF fanfiction. I know the fans of Halo are very devoted. So to keep my Fic as close to the lore as possible I'm looking for a few beta readers, If you interested send me a message. I am also aware that weakest point of my writing is in my description of the appearance of characters and settings. This story will be one filled with action, friendships, romances and a secret conspiracy that effects the very future of humanity. Hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy writing it. Reviews and Comments appreciated.

## 2. The Prodigy and the Veteran

\_\*\*Chapter 1 R&R and Enjoy\*\*\_

\*\*The Prodigy and the Veteran\*\*

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo ODSr Project Valkyrie Theme "The Way" on YouTube\*\*]\*\***

"How are the preparations coming Ms. Lucy?" A shadowy figure asked concealed by the darkness that veiled the room.

"As well as you'd expect, Director. Considering the usual complication." Lucy replied a submissive tone in her voice.

"Don't remind me." The Director exclaimed recalling the unwelcome wrench thrown into the very core of his plans. "What of Michael, how is he fairing? I assume his training is progressing as planned."

"You mean Adam." Lucy corrected.

"Adam?" the Director paused, "Does he still insist on going by such an absurd moniker."

"Adam is not an absurd name okay. Director, now that's an absurd name." Lucy interjected, "And, in case you haven't realized, it's not just a name to him. It's important to him because it's the name that you gave him."

"Careful Ms. Artificial Intelligence. If I sense even the slightest disrespect in your tone... well you remember what happened the last time don't you?" The Director explained a twisted smile made its way to his face.

"Of course, Director." Lucy stated as her eyes made their way to the floor.

"Now, I believe before you decided to distract me with your nonsense, you were about to give me the latest in Michael's progress." The Director said taking control of the conversation. "Is he everything we hoped he would be."

"You tell me." Lucy stated as she waved her hand toward the screen before her. "This is some quick footage of his most recent close combat session" As she did the screen lit up and a video of a young trooper wearing a green t-shirt, cargo trousers and combat boots surrounded by four men, wearing the same.

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo ODSr Project Valkyrie Adam's Theme on YouTube\*\*]\*\***

The young man stands still, so very still that his attackers can no longer tell if he's even breathing. After a moment the young man blinked giving one of his attackers the opening they were looking for. His opponent leaped in to take advantage. The young trooper quickly let loose a low kick throwing the attacker off balance followed by a flurry of quick jabs to the gut. Ending with a close range uppercut. The other three men now realizing that they would have to work together to be any kind of a threat all pounced in at once. The young trooper jumped out of the circle of death that surrounded him avoiding their initial attack. One of the men threw out a wide right hook, Adam quickly snaked the man's right arm with his left then proceeded to headbutt the man knocking him to the floor. The next attacker came at him with a waist level round kick, Adam grabbed it with amazing speed and sent a quick knee up into the

soft portion of the man's leg followed by a round kick to the face. Dropping him immediately. And the last attacker rushed him like a man from hell. With what appeared to be very little effort The young trooper tripped him while simultaneously sending an elbow into his back.

"Good." The Director exclaims, "Now what of our special guest."

"Good?" Lucy stopped him "That was amazing! He took on four fully grown men and didn't even break a sweat."

"Lucy please." The Director explained, "I can't be expected to be in awe every time things go as planned, just like I can't be expected to be impressed when you don't make a mistake. I'm a very busy man."

"There's a special word for people like you." Lucy whispered.

"What was that?" The Director questioned.

"I said our special guest is docking as we speak." Lucy replied.

"Good, good." The Director stated as he exited the room. "Send him to my quarters at his earliest convenience."

"Good, good." Lucy mocked, "If i had a stomach I'd barf."

"Your overplaying the whole I hate my boss thing." a voice enters the room. Lucy eyes turn to meet the gaze of the young trooper from the video.

"Adam?" Lucy said in a confused tone, "What are you doing here? Couldn't stay away could you?"

"Very funny. Heard that he was coming aboard today. Came to you to found out whether it was true or not." Adam stated plainly.

"I don't see what's so funny about it." Lucy studied the newly trained trooper, "We normally don't get any kind of direct interest out of you towards well... anything. What's so special about this one?"

"That's what I'm hear to found out." Adam declared, "I mean you've heard the stories haven't you? This guy's either a legend or a monster... or both."

"You know what they say, when have expectations you're only setting yourself up for disappointment." Lucy explained gloomily.

"Yeah well I'll be the judge of that." Adam stated with the utmost confidence in his voice.

"Wooo, Wooo Slow down tiger." Lucy stopped him, "Listen you and him. The way his sees it you're on two totally different levels. He's been all over the Galaxy fighting covenant and terrorist groups alike. And you... You're different Adam."

"What's that suppose to mean?" Adam inquired.

"Just..." Lucy started, "Just don't expect him to treat you like one of the guys, you'll have earned that."

### In The Director's Office

"I heard you wanted to see me. A lot. That's one persistent AI you got here " A man says as he enters the room. He was a dark skinned man with a toned frame, his hair lay in a rusty high and tight that sat atop his head.

"Aw, Lieutenant Miles, Just the man I wanted to see." The Director smiled, "Do come in. Take a seat please."

"No thank you sir, I'd rather stand." The Lieutenant replied.

"Lt. Miles. You insult me. Not only do you not give me the respect of a proper check-in, you then refuse my generous offer, Now if you were one of my troopers..." The Director started.

"But I'm not one of your troopers." Lt. Miles interrupted, "Let's not forget you requested my presents here not the other way around. I know all about the shady business you guys are associated with. The only reason I'm here is because my chain of command said I had to see what you had to say."

"Indeed." The Director laughed, "However, you might find that the more valuable a commodity you become to ONI, The closer you'll find yourself to where you want to be."

### 3. The Situation

\_\*\*Chapter 2 R&R and Enjoy\*\*\_

\*\*The Situation\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*\*Play Halo 3 ODST OST Bits and Pieces on You Tube\*\*\*\*\*]

"Where I want to be huh?" Lt. Miles mocked as he quickly takes a seat in the chair that he had previously rejected, "Enlighten me."

A cruel smirk made its way to the Director's face as he reached under the table and pulled out a single file that hit the desk like a brick as he released it from his grasp. That's when the tumblers began to fall into place within the young Lieutenant's mind. The Director began to speak, "I read your file... Even the parts that were covered in black ink." Lt. Miles said nothing. "Speechless... Good. Maybe now you'll do a little more listening and a little less criticizing." The Director continued, "Trent Miles, twenty seven years old, you were born on Earth and lived in an orphanage until you enlisted at the age of eighteen. After your enlistment you served as one of the best the UNSC had to offer for nearly ten years until recently, this past year if I'm not mistaken and I rarely am, you received your commission and began as an officer." The Director looked up into the young Marine's eyes as he spoke, "What you've been through... Most people would have let something like that change them. Eat them up from the inside. It takes a remarkably strong will to bounce back after something like that. You my good man, are a hero."



"I'm no hero." Lt. Miles snapped, "I'm just the one that didn't die."

"Fair enough." The Director paused.

"So you know all about me." Lt. Miles snares as he leans forward in his chair as if he were preparing to challenge the Director in some way. "But you still haven't answered the underlying question. Why should I help you?"

The Director eyes fell back to the monster of a file before him. "It says here that sense you got your commission you have been performing less than satisfactory. Difficulty playing well with others, now that's a shame. Someone with your particular talents should be placed above his peers not be forced to watch, correcting their mistakes from the sidelines. If you succeed in this mission not only will you have prove to the UNSC that your ability to lead is more than capable, but I can personally guarantee you a little extra attention during the promotion period. If you catch my meaning."

"Didn't you get the memo? Teamwork isn't really my thing." The lieutenant said condescendingly.

"I'm well aware." The Director responded, "According to your records you were only able to corporate fully with two of your past units. One was another ONI initiative , one... Project Challenger. I still don't have all the details involving the objective of that project. Care to enlighten me?"

"Those kinds of questions are way above my pay grade." The lieutenant replied.

"Very well." the Director continued, "And the other... Nova Team Lead by Lt. Hawkins of the UNSC."

"Hawkins? There's your answer. Why don't you use those resources at you disposal and track her down." Lt. Miles remarked, "I'm sure she'd jump at the chance to get back into the fight."

"Great idea lieutenant however, you as well as I do the Lt. Hawkins has been MIA sense Nova Teams exploits on Reach." The Director corrected him, "And with the current condition that planet's in we'd be lucky if we could found the smoldering ashes of her corpse. As I was saying before I was so very rudely interrupted if it were possible to do this mission beside your old team would you consider it?"

"Nova Team was never mine to led, they're Hawkin's team." Lt. Mile spoke, "If I were to led them no good would come of it. Besides its been years sense the war ended, and we didn't exactly keep in touch. I don't even know if they're still apart of the UNSC."

"You've always looked up to Hawkins, lieutenant. I don't think I'd be entirely wrong if I were to say she's one of the reason you decided to become an officer. Now could be your only chance to prove that you can stand on your own two feet and led Nova without her." The Director counseled him, "As for the member of Nova team, they've already been assembled..."

"When did you?" was all the young lieutenant had time to say before Director cut him off.

"Do you understand now, lieutenant? With or without you Nova team will be deployed to complete this mission." The Director grinned. "So will you lead them to victory? or attend each of their funerals if they fail?"

Moments Later

"Hey Director that things..?" Lucy started, "Am I interrupting something?"

"Not at all Ms. Lucy." The Director smiled, "Lt. Miles here, was just agreeing to take on the role of Commanding Officer of the newly reformed Nova team."

"Oh, Congratulations Commander." Lucy smiled with a small curtsy to top off her performance.

"Lucy see to it that the dossier of the Commander's new crew members are sent up to the Captain's database immediately." The Director spoke.

"Yeh yeh. The Dossier of Kristen Chambers, Jesus Monero, Noel Radd and Adam Gideon being upload to the computer in the Captain's Quarters as we speak." Lucy confirmed.

"Slow down." Lt. Miles interrupted, "Where's the rest of my team? And who the hell is Gideon?"

"You mean you didn't tell him?" Lucy observed, "Nice."

"Didn't tell me what?" The lieutenant snapped.

"He didn't need to know at the time." The Director replied.

"Tell me now, unless you'll found yourself short one commander." Lt. Miles groaned.

"Huh. Like any mission this one has had its share of... Complications." The Director started.

"What sort of complications?" the lieutenant pressed on.

"As you know its has been years sense the end of the war and during that time we had no control over you nor your comrade's actions." The Director continued, "I'm afraid Explosives engineer Nicklaus Holden and Navigator Catherine Armin were engaged in less reputable work than yourself these passed few years."

"Well.. Where are they?" Lt. Miles asked.

"Lucy." The Director said as he motioned for her to answer the question.

"Of course." Lucy huffed, "Nick Holden will be busy being held in a maximum security prison for the next twenty-five years for robbery and the damaging of public property. He probably would have gotten a lighter sentence but not all bank robbers take out half a city block

with explosives trying to open the safe. Heaven knows how he survived. And, we're not talking about any ordinary prison either, it rotate the circumference of the Sol galaxy only returning to Earth once every six months to restock supplies. As for Catherine Armin after she left the UNSC she started jumping from mercenary group to mercenary group: assault, murder you name it she's probably done it. Although so far the authorities are concerned its near impossible to prove it."

"What could have happened to her?" Lt. Miles Whispered under his breath.

"As for Adam Gideon he's... A new addition to Nova team." Lucy snuck into the conversation.

"So Commander... The balls in your court, what's your next move?" The Director taunted."You can choice to start the task we initially brought you here for or you can recover the rest of Nova team."

Lt. Miles eyes broke their gaze with the director and fell to the floor. For a moment he sat there contemplating. For a good majority of his military career he fought in the darkness all alone, but then one day a faint light appeared in the distance a light that took the form of Lt. Hawkins and the rest of Nova team. The lieutenant smiled, he knew at one point in his younger years he would have left them to face whatever fate the galaxy had in store for them. However things had changed, "A team is no greater than the sum of its parts. If we are to succeed, we'll do it together."

"Now that's what I like to hear." The Director smiled,"Lucy be sure to let me know the second the lieutenant's transportation arrives."

"Transportation?" Lt. Miles voice echoed after the director's.

"I didn't come up here just because I enjoy our little chats ya know." Lucy corrected,"Its already here."

"Hold on!" the lieutenant interrupted, "What Transportation?"

"Its a Frigate created with the strengths of Nova team in mind." The Director explained. "How did you think you'd be getting around? I'm the Director of this division, aka nobodies chauffeur."

"Check it out." as Lucy waves her hand across the screen of the Director's office a video begins to manifest,"All of your team with the exception of one are already heading down there I'm sure they'll feel right at home."

"Except one you say?" The Lt. Mile questioned,"Who's got the balls?"

"Adam Gideon?" Lucy blurted out before fully understanding what the lieutenant was saying. "What? No. I mean he doesn't have balls, he doesn't have any balls at all, I just happened to have asked him to lead you down to the ship, because I can't..."

"And why can't you?" The Director interrupted tired of her babbling

"I... Uh..." Lucy felt the need to explain her lacking of a physical body made it difficult to leads anybody well anywhere. But deep down she could sense that the director had other things in mind.

"Micheal would you please come in here." The director spoke as Adam made his way into the fold, He was a stocky young man with pale skin and an extremely motto High and tight. the discipline he displayed with apparent to all, and in his eyes a faint light, a light that only existed in the eyes of those who had never experienced true combat. "Micheal how would you feel if Lucy were to accompany you on this mission?"

Adam examined Lucy's form but remained silent.

"Me?" Lucy shouted, "I'd hardly think of that as an advisable action. They are far too many operation that require my direct supervision for me to wonder off to who know's where. We both know that you'd be lost without me."

"Frankly Ms. Lucy I grow tired of you excessive boosting. I feel same time apart would do this relationship some good." The Director replied, "Besides I know you possess multiple skills that our young commander here would fine more than Useful."

"But.." Lucy tired to recant her plea but it was to no a vile.

"That's enough Lucy. My decision is final!" The Director shouted.

"As you wish Director. Now uploading to the ships on-board computer." Lucy submitted.

"By accompany us I assume you mean keep an eye on your investment." Lt. Miles states.

\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Halo ODST Project Valkyrie The Director Theme on You Tube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\*

"Ha. Nothing gets pass you, does it lieutenant?" The Director confirmed, "But, lets be fair her if you were in my situation wouldn't you do the same? After all your success in this endeavor could very well be paramount to the survival of our species."

#### 4. Remnants of Challenger

**\*\*A/N: \*\***Hey guys been working on this for quite a while but also had to focus on things like school. Anyway here Chapter 3 I hope you enjoy. Also to answer the question from the review section No the two Director's are indeed separate individuals. And as always\*\*R&R and Enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span>Legend:<span>

**\*\*Bold-** Scene Transition**\*\***

*\_Italics-* Sounds\_

'Thoughts'- '...'

\* \* \*

<p><span><em><strong>Chapter 3<strong>\_

**\*\*Remnants of Challenger\*\***

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo 4 Atonement on Youtube\*\*]\*\***

As Adam led his new commander to the ship, his mind began to race: questions upon questions filled his mind, but try as he might he simply could not give his words a voice and so he remained silent. When Suddenly "Trooper." the lieutenant's voice rang in his ear.

"Yes Sir." The young trooper snapped to the position of attention as he responded.

"Its nice that you have manners and all but that won't be necessary here, Trooper. Whether I like it or not you're a Nova now."Lt. Miles placed his hand on the young Trooper's shoulder as he continued,"That means you're gonna be put in situations where my life is in your hands."

"Sir." Adam spoke not entirely sure what was going on.

"What I'm trying to say is... For two that are going to accompany each other on to the field of battle like you and I, rank shouldn't really be a big issue. So long as you do what I say."Lt. Miles explained, however the confusion in the young trooper's eyes persisted. The lieutenant finally huffed, "Just call me Forge. Everyone on Nova team does. Adam nodded causing the lieutenant to speak once again,"You don't talk much do you?"

As they exited the last of the double doors between the two troopers and the ship, Lt. Miles' eyes lite up when they hit the marvel before him. It was unlike anything he had ever seen before. It was somewhat a cross between a warship and a cruiser. She was gigantic in size to be sure, the outside was covered with a stainless-steel that was brushed with a white reflective shield. It had the firepower of a Light warship with the commodities of a cruiser but their was something rather unique about it something the lieutenant couldn't quite put his finger on.

"Magnificent isn't she?" a voice creep out for the ship access point interface. As Lt. Miles approached to examine the origin of said voice he found the culprit to be non other than Lucy. "Beautiful, Mysterious and Oh so sexy, a woman after my own heart." Lucy smiled.

"She's definitely impressive." the lieutenant paused,"Never seen anything like her."

"Of course not." Lucy responded matter-of-factually, "This here is an ONI Prototype, I designed her myself. Unfortunately, as of right now we don't even know if we'll be releasing the design to the masses. In other words this baby is the only one of her kind. And she's all yours. You're a lucky guy commander."

"Sure she looks pretty, but what can she do?" Lt. Miles asked smirking.

"Just about anything you'd need her to really." Lucy reassured the young commander, "Stealth system, Pulse Laser resistant hull and running water. Rest assured Commander this top of the line Stealth Cruiser was designed with Nova team's skill sets in mind."

"Now that's what I like to hear." Lt. Miles smiled, "So where is my team? They were supposed to be here weren't they?"

"About that..." Lucy forced a smile as her gaze steadily left of her commander's.

"Wait. Let me guess." Lt. Miles said placing his forehead into his palm.

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo OST Brothers in arms Extended Drums\*\*]\*\***

"Grenade out!" Kristen Chambers roared as she let loose a dummy grenade into a crowd of opposing ONI agents.

"Ahhhhh!" they scrambled and ran for cover.

"Geez, ONI really needs to up their game, These soldiers are pathetic." Chamber stated over the comm taking cover behind a damaged vehicle. Just then an ONI agent leaped on top of the vehicle aiming in on the unsuspecting trooper.

Boom the sound of a nearby sniper rifle roared, as the agent was off his feet by the incoming fire. "You know how it is during these periods of peace Chica, everyone gets a little sloppy. Case and point." Jesus Moreno Teased her.

"Sloppy huh?" Chambers' raged, "You were just a civilian until a few months ago. What's the matter big boy the Corp to much for ya?" Chambers exited her cover in a cold sprint with her trusty shotgun at her side. Three ONI agents popped up with assault rifles, ready to take advantage of her opening.

Pow Pow Boom! Her relaxes were too great, she quickly knocked two of them down like dominoes only to the third taken out by Moreno's sniper fire. "Hey, I had one!" She yelled furiously running into a nearby shack for cover.

"Awww De Nada Chica." Moreno joked, "You know I'd do anything for you. As for the reason I left the UNSC... Why wouldn't I? The war was over and I had the skills I needed to become a proper engineer in the civilian sector. More dinero less rounds coming down range, if you catch my meaning?"

"Moreno brings up a good point Doc." Noel Radd interrupted, "You're one of the best Medics the UNSC has to offer and yet rather than choosing to become a doctor after the war, you remained a Trooper, Why?"

"Are my ears deceiving me?" Moreno exclaimed, "Hell must have frozen over if your actually talking Radd."

"No need to act so surprised, it has always been well within my power to form a complete sentence," Radd explained, "However I was simply curious."

"Being a doctor just wasn't in the cards for me." Chambers explained in a somber tone, "I needed the corp... More than you know."

"What was that last part?" Radd asked, "We seem to be experiencing some trouble with communications."

"I said we can talk about this later!" Chamber yelled recanting her previous statement, "In case you two knuckleheads haven't noticed we're still in the middle of a firefight! Radd I need your position!"

"I'm right where the enemy would least expect me." Suddenly Radd deactivated his cloaking system behind a group of seven ONI agents. They turned to try and face this new threat but it was too late, he had a draw the black cased Katana that never left his side. In a single quick movement he sliced the barrels off of three of their rifles, he then submerge his Katana within the ground beneath him as he grabbed the barrels of two of the remaining agents forcing them to aim at their follow agents as they fired. Finally finishing off his performance by casually dropping a grenade on to the deck as he quickly grabbed his katana and jumped over the cover the agents were previously using.

"Radd, you're crazy companero." Moreno laughed, "No wonder you're known as Phantom even among the ODST."

"What do you expect?" Chambers' asked sarcastically, "He and Forge are the only two remaining survivors of that Project Challenger thing from a few years back."

"Oh yeah." Moreno remembered, "What was all that all about anyways Radd?"

"Its Classified." Radd spoke plainly.

"Of course it is." Moreno exclaimed.

**\*\*In the Observation deck\*\***

"Looks like they're getting plenty of exercise before the big mission." Lucy laughed, "I mean, I tell them to end the training session immediately Commander."

"No." Lt. Miles stopped her, "This looks like fun, plus this could be a good opportunity to see what the new guy's got."

"Sir?" Adam said still not completely understanding the situation.

"Suit up rookie." The lieutenant smiled, "Let's light em up!"

"There's almost done for just keep the pressure on em!" Chamber's shouted.

"Who gave you permission to give orders to my squad?" Lt. Miles spoke plainly.

"Forge! Finally decided to show up companero!" Monero spoke, "Hope you're okay with bones because we've already picked this bird clean."

"That's fine." Forge replied, "Really just wanted to see what the new guy could do."

"New guy!" Chambers yelled

"Orale." Moreno huffed.

Radd remained silent.

"Yep... Got my team back. Got a ship. But... There were a lot of strings attached. He's one of them." Forge explained, "So what say we saw the new guy how Nova team kicks it."

"Sounds good to me," Moreno and Chambers agreed.

Lucy without meaning to began to analysis their combat data as they continued to fight. She was surprised each one of them individually possessed impressive combat prowess, however when place together like this their effective potential increased five-fold. It was remarkable to say the least. Suddenly Lucy heard a voice over her personal secure channel.

"Miss Lucy." The Director called out to her.

"Director?" Lucy exclaimed, "Told ya, you'd miss me."

"I have little time for your games Miss Lucy." The Director explained, "Why is Lt. Miles Ship still in the bay? What's he up to?"

"Nothing much, he and the team are just blowing off some steam in the training room, that's all. Hope you're okay with having a few of your agents on light duty for a while, because it looks like Nova team's in take no prisoners mode right now."

"Training room you say?" The Director repeated her, "Miss Lucy quickly prepare the prototype HRUNTING Mark VII Exoskeleton for a test run."

"The Mantis! You can't be serious? That thing has enough firepower to flatten New Mombasa and you want a newly reformed squad of Orbital Drop Shock Trooper to take it on?"

"Precisely. Now do it!" The Director raged.

"Very Well." Lucy complied.

Suddenly a large doors opens within the Training room.

\_tatatatatatatatata... tatatatatatatatata\_. The sounds of SMGs and Assault rifles filled the air.

"Just a little more, we got them on the ropes!" Forge shouted, "Hey what's that sound?" Then they saw it, a towering monster of a machine



with a heavy machine gun on one side and a 4- shot rocket launcher on other held up by two extremely large leg like attachments. "What is that thing?!"

"Never seen it before!" Chambers cried.

"It would appear that ONI has been holding out on us." Radd stated the obvious.

"Whatever it is, I hope its ready for the recycling bin. Open fire!" The lieutenant's voice echoed as the sound of gun fire quickly overcame it. The Machine responded with firepower of its own aiming first for the young medic who was all too willing to get close with that shotgun of hers. Noticing she had catch its attention she quickly dove behind a huge pile of cement to avoid its assault but she was not fast enough, as one of the bullets from the heavy machine gun manage to graze her left.

"Damn it!" She shouted, "Hey Forge that thing not playing around. Its using actual rounds."

"Are you serious?" Forge took cover to reassess the situation, however he couldn't stop his eyes from wondering over to the Observation deck where Lucy was watching in horror. And as he's eye meet her form she felt as if he was somewhat able to see right through her. Despite her distance she took a step back from the intimidating individual before her.

"What now Forge?" Moreno Shouted, "Plastic rounds and dummy grenades aren't gonna penetrate that armor plating"

Forge was silent for a bit, he looked at the rookie and then down at deck beneath him. Suddenly Adam could see a faint soft blue light through his visor as he began to speak, "Plastic rounds or not, they should still be effective at taking those shields down."

"Thank you Captain Obvious, now that just leave the little problem of the armor plating." Moreno snapped.

**\*\*[\*\*Play Zack Hemsey- See what I've Become on Youtube\*\*]\*\***

"Well maybe you should do a little less talking and a little more listening and let me finish." Forge snapped right back, "Just drop his shield, Phantom and I will take care of the rest."

"Roger that." Radd agreed over the headset.

"Listen Up! The moment his shields drop I'm gonna need everyone to throw your dummy grenade between us and him I'll need the cover." Forge Shouted.

"Roger!" The team's voice synchronized over the comm as they place their trust in their leader, believing he would not let them down.

"Fire!" Forge shouted.

\_tatatatatatatatata... tatatatatatatatata\_. The sounds of weaponry raged even more violently than before.

In no time at all the team of skilled ODS'T were unloading the remainder of their ammo on the behemoth before them. When the beast aimed at one they'd take cover allowing the others to put more shots into him.

"You know what to do right Phantom?" Forge asked confirming that the two still remember their training during their time in Project Challenger."

"But of course. I assume you brought them?" Radd did the same.

"But of course." the lieutenant mocked.

Finally the team's persistence paid off as they saw the behemoth's shield flicker for the last time before it finally burst. Without the lieutenant saying a single word the team fling their grenades between Forge and the Mantis so that he could approach without fear. "Cover me!" Forge ordered as he began to run.

"Got it." Radd stated as he unloaded his last clip into the Mantis, as Forge Approached Hidden by the cloud of smoke caused by the grenades. When Suddenly Forge pulled some sort of device from the most back portion of his utility belt. He then moved his hand in a jerking motion causing a single bladed energy sword to spring forth. With tremendous speed and accuracy he severed the wiring in the machine's left leg attachment.

\_Swing!\_

\_Swang!\_

\_Swung!\_

He continued with strike after strike three more times severing the wiring in the behemoth's remaining leg. Finally the lieutenant roared, "Now!"

"Right!" Radd acknowledged the command running as he and Forge swung their blades in synchronicity at the weakness point of the Mantis Midsection Causing it to tumble to the ground in a rather dramatic fashion. As the smoke cleared the team could finally see Forge and Phantom standing Victoriously over the machine at their feet. A faint blue glow radiating through their visors. 'Was that what you wanted to see... Director?'

Adam went over what he had saw over and over again. Those movements... Those eyes... They're just like me.

Lucy was struck by amazement. I've read the report but to see it in person, it's unreal. With such precise movements, with so little hesitation. I don't even think Spartans could formulate a plan and execute it with such precision mid combat. This must be what the Director wanted to see. The Remnants of Challenger.

\* \* \*

><p>So what did you think? I'm still on the fence on a lot of thing so a little feedback would really be appreciated so that I'm sure whether or not I'm going in the right direction or not. Oh and Thank you for reading up to now. I really appreciate it.<p>

## 5. God's Eye

Legend:

**\*\*Bold- Scene Transition\*\***

*\_Italics- Sounds\_*

'Thoughts'- '...'

**\_\*\*Chapter 4\*\*\_**

**\*\*God's Eye\*\***

As the team made their way out of the training simulator Forge immediately signaled them to board the Ship. Moreno placed Chamber's arm over his shoulder to escort on-board as she limp enthusiastically trying to match his pace.

"You still got it commander." Moreno laughed, the team laughed and joked ecstatic for the battles to come, and why shouldn't they? It had been an overwhelming victory against an opponent they had never faced before.

The Lt. Miles however was not amazed the rest of the team may not have picked up on it, but he was absolutely certain that a prototype MECH entering the simulator was no accident, nor was the fact that it was loaded with live rounds. It was a test. The Director wanted to see what he could do, and hopefully he gave him exactly what he wanted, less likely he'll interfere in the team's future endeavors that way. Forge decided to ignore the director involvement for now, he had already decided that he didn't trust him. Lucy, however was another matter, whether he liked it or not she was on-board his ship. The fact that she might choose to follow the Director's orders over his own during a life or death situation was more than a little unsettling. He had to make a move, but what? It was at times like this that the isolation of command became almost too much to bare, it was at times like this that more than anything he wished he could ask Hawkins for advice, but she wasn't here. Instead Forge had to pick himself up and despite being faced with the unforeseen he had to press on, but what frightened him most is that he'd be doing it all alone.

\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Halo ODST Project Valkyrie The Director Theme on YouTube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\*

**\*\*Director's Office\*\***

The Director sat in the darkness of his office starring hungrily at the continually cycling footage of Forge's and Phantom's recent impressive display. "Glorious." The Director whispered under his breath just loud enough for the man dressed in the white lab coat just behind him to hear.

"Impressive." The man dressed in white said nonchalantly, "It would appear that the lieutenant is finally able to access his mutation at will."

"Mutation?" The Director mocked, "That word has such negative connotations. What we have here is a classic case of Darwin theory of Evolution."

"Natural Selection sir?" The man in white added.

"Indeed." the Director smiled, "If organisms don't evolve they'll die out. Humanity is no different. With humanity being consumed by war for the last half century individuals like Lt. Miles become evermore important for the survival of our race." As the director finished his sentence he handed the man in the white lab coat a file pertaining to the lieutenant. A file that he failed to bring to the lieutenant's attention when he was present.

The man in white began to browse as he spoke, "What am I looking at here?"

"Tell me." The Director spoke "Are you familiar with the Spartans?"

"Of course." The man in white answered, "In fact from what I've heard the Spartan IV program is already well underway."

"No, before that." The Director explained, "To a time where we still fought among ourselves, to a time before the scope of our battles could leave an entire planet uninhabited for a millennia"

"You meanâ€¦" The man in white tried to speak only to be cut short.

"Yes!" the Director interrupted, "I speak of course of the Spartans of ancient Greece. Then was a time when we took it among ourselves to eliminate the weak with our ranks so that only the strong could thrive." the Director paused, "We've move away from that way of thinking, believing now that the weak must be protected."

"Diversity is necessary for the evolution of a species, The more genes present in a gene pool the unique and adaptable that species can became. If we were to lose the 'weak' as you call them, well... who knows what else we'd be losing" The scientist's eyes were captured by a certain phase as he continued the glance over the lieutenant's file. "Ab... Absolute Perception." The man in the white coat couldn't stop himself from uttering those words as he eyes came upon them.

"Indeed." the director cracked a smile, "The lieutenant's gifts are indeed quite rare. Of the billions of homo-sapiens that exist throughout the cosmos I can count the amount of people who possess this ability on a single hand. Absolute Perception; one of the controversial and as yet unproven theory about the continuation of human evolution, those who possess this ability are thought by some to be the next stage of human development. The God's Eye allows an individual the capability to enter into a state of enhanced awareness and peak physical ability. While in this state, said person can demonstrate heightened reflexes and extremely quick information processing."

"The God's Eye?" the man in white uttered with curiosity in his voice.

"My apologies." the Director caught himself, "That's just what me and my coalition of interested individuals have gotten into the habit of calling it. As of right now very little is known about this ability the only physical characteristic we've been able to observe have been a decrease the natural tremble exhibited by all humans and a blue tint in the eyes. Little else is known."

"You make it sound like you've been able to observe this phenomenon up close, however I doubt the lieutenant would ever consent to such a thing." The man in white observed.

"Remember the part where I told you that there were a hand full of people with this ability some were more willing to cooperate than other," The Director smiled.

"Young Adam Gideon?" The Scientist whisper under his breath.

"He was a potentially lucrative Investment."

**\*\*Boarding the Ship\*\***

As they boarded the ship they were surprised to see that it appeared to be bigger on the inside than the out, if that's were even possible. Moreno stopped for a bit to admire the scenery whistling an impressed tone while uttering a single word, "Beautiful." Chambers was all too happy to remind him that he was carrying a wounded Marine with a swift jab to the gut with her free hand.

"You can be mesmerized later, now take me to the med bay before I bleed out all over the new carpet" she exaggerate knowing full well how shallow the wound truly was.

"Yeh yeh." Moreno groaned, "You know.."he started before Chambers place another soft blow to his mid section. "Ouch, okay okay. Loca."

Lt. Miles made his way to the bridge, only to have Lucy appear on a the Monitor soon after. He knew she'd follow him, whether she wanted to state her calm for what had happened before or merely gaze his reaction and pretend like nothing happen he was unsure. However, whether she was the Director AI or not he felt that she desired his approval for one reason or another. The lieutenant quickly decided to use that to his advantage. Lucy started, "uh..."

"Chambers... Is she gonna be okay." the lieutenant quickly interrupted her trying to passively make Lucy reflect on what she had done.

"Uh." Lucy quickly began to stumble over her words until she was finally able to respond, "You know her better than then I do it'll take a lot more than that to keep someone like her out of the fight."

"What happened down there?" Lt. Miles asked. She only had two direction to go from here she could either play fool and state she didn't know what he was talking about, allowing him to keep her at arm reach at all times under the pretenses that she was unreliable and uninformed, however if she decided to tell him the truth then perhaps she could be trusted. 'What will you do Lucy will you lie to your commanding officer and hide the Director's dirty laundry or will

you come clean?'

To the Lieutenants surprise Lucy wasted not time in ratting out her employer, "Its simple really the director wanted to see what you could do. So... I did what I had to do."

"Oh." The Lieutenant paused trying to found the words.

" I was Impressed to say the least." Lucy continued, "The director said you were good but I could have never imagined."

"It was nothing...just relax and let the training take over that's all." Lt. Miles caught himself realizing he was now on the defensive, "Lucy I need to know whether or not I can trust you, what you did got one of my people injured, the last thing I need is for it to happen again or worst."

"I was under orders commander, what do you want from me." Lucy blustered sounding slightly distressed. The Lieutenant smiled as he relieved a transparent cylinder container with black gears holding it together, "You can't be serious... I designed this ship and now you're trying to shut me off like I'm some kind of vicious dog."

"Consider it an act of good faith." Lt. Miles replied, "I've only taken away your access to the Ships hardware based functions like weapons and steering, you'll still be responsible for the ship's cyber-warfare sweeps and mission Intel."

"Yay." said Lucy with no enthusiasm whatsoever.

"I appreciate the sarcasm." Lt. Miles stated catching onto Lucy settle backtalk almost immediately, "And, just for the record your not helping you case here. "

"Well..." Lucy pondered, "can I at least be stationed in the Bridge, seeing as you just lightened my work load a bit, a good view could make the time go by a little faster."

"That I can do." The lieutenant agreed, "Hopefully, this arrangement of ours will only be temporary. Like it or not Lucy your part of my crew, and I know it may not seem like it now but, I'm looking out for you."

Lucy began uploading herself to the portable unit as the lieutenant left the room, She smiled to herself, "Part of a crew huh? Sounds nice."

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo 4 Atonement on Youtube\*\*]\*\***

**\*\*Med Bay\*\***

"Give me that!" Chambers shouts.

"Ma'am I don't think..." one of the ship's medical personnel speaks reaching for the scalpel that Staff Sergeant Chambers had commandeered for herself to no avail.

"Ma'am!" Chambers replied, "Do I look like an officer to you? I work for a living, got that!"

"I heard that." the lieutenant grinned entering the room.

"Not you Forge." Chambers rephrases her statement, "I just meant ever other Mommy's boy and rich girl in the UNSC who happens to wear the same rank as you."

"Thanks for the clarification." Lt. Miles smiles as Chambers removed her helmet. He hadn't seen her face in some time she had an aura about her that could only be obtained by the double-edged sword of maturity. She had remarkably soft feature for someone who had almost seen as much battle as himself. Her short brown hair sparkled and clang to her face with the perspiration of the day's training, some how making her hazel eyes all the splendid. he laughed to himself as he thought that if this had been his first time meeting her, he may have made the mistake of thinking she needed protecting. However, Chambers was more than some damsel in distress, always had been. If you need a marine to have your back there were few if any that could fulfill the requirements as well as she could, "How ya hold'in up?"

"This is nothing to me, Commander." Chamber replied, "This is no worst than the time when I had to reattach my own trigger finger back in New Mombasa."

"Yeah... That never happened." Lt. Miles explained.

"Sssssssshhhhhhhh. The new guy doesn't know that." Chamber welled, "Are you trying to ruin my street cred."

"You don't have any street cred." Lt. Miles interjected.

"Sssssshhhhhhhh. New guy don't know that either." Chambers laughed a smile ingrained on her face. "So what's up Forge? I know you didn't just come here because you missed my sunny disposition."

Lt. Miles glanced toward the two medical personnel that were present and said strongly, "We're gonna need a minute." the two nurse nodded acknowledging the command before saluting the lieutenant and leaving the room. "What's your opinion on our current situation?"

"Hard ball right out of the gate huh Commander?" Chambers acknowledged placing pressure on her open wound to stop the blood flow, "This Director guy I don't trust him. In fact if it wasn't for the fact that he told us you'd be leading the mission I would have left a long time ago. Don't think I'm the only one on the team that feels that way."

"I can't be the only reason you signed on. What did he offer you? How did he approach you?" The lieutenant asked.

"It's... Its complicated." Chamber replied, "Lets just say a problem came up and his way was the only way I could solve it, and believe me I tried a half dozen other ways nothing worked."

"A little too convenient if you ask me." the lieutenant analysed.

"You're preaching to the choir Commander." Chamber continued, "I've

talk to Moreno, his situation is a little too similar for me to be okay with anything that goes on here."

"What happened?" Lt. Miles questioned.

"Uh, its Moreno's business I think he should be the one to tell you." Chamber explained. "Is that all you need Commander? I should probably close up this wound before I'm too dizzy to do it myself."

"There is one more thing." The lieutenant began.

## 6. HAVOC

Legend:

**\*\*Bold- Scene Transition\*\***

*\_Italics- Sounds\_*

'Thoughts'- '...'

**\_\*\*Chapter 5\*\*\_**

HAVOC

\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Halo 3 ODST OST Neon Night on You Tube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\*

"We making good time?" Lt. Miles asked making his way to the bridge, while trying to get an indication of what their estimated time of arrival would be.

"As well as you could expect, when using faster than light travel Commander." Lucy replied with only the tiniest bit of sarcasm in her voice. "I've really got to hand it to the Director, his staff is top notch, these pilots are moving this ship... Well..."

"Better than you could?" the Lieutenant smirked trying to finish the AI's sentence.

"No, no, no, never that good." Lucy interjected, "If I were flying the ship we'd get there at the very least one one hundred of a the time."

"Is that right?" Lt. Miles replied humoring Lucy ego, hoping that she would catch the ever present uninterested tone of his voice. She did not.

"Oh yes Commander, an AI's of my caliber and capability are extremely hard to come by." Lucy bragged closing her eyes as she reflected of the obviousness of her statement. However, when she opened her eyes she saw that the Commander's face was not one of playful foolery, rather he produced an aura of strong seriousness. Lucy voice retreated within her as she worried if she had misread the situation.

"Lucy what's our ETA?" The Lieutenant asked his serious aura ever present.

"Uh..." Lucy knew what she wanted to say but her voice just couldn't



keep up. Finally she spoke, "Estimated time of arrival just under an hour... Commander."

"Is the mission still unchanged?" Lt. Miles voice appeared once again however this time Lucy was ready for it.

"No reported changes on our end, Commander. O.N.I. has already wired the money to Saren Dexten the owner of the Black Star Maximum Security Prison for the release of one Nicklaus Holden. Whether they've packaged the right one up for us is another question." Lucy smiled, expecting the expression of the lieutenant to adjust in some way. It did not. Lucy began wondering whether something she had said or done had angered the Commander in some way.

"Don't take it personally Chica" Said a new voice entering into the bridge, it was Moreno. Lucy was just relieved to have someone else in the room to cut through the thickness of the tension. "He always gets like this before a mission." Moreno reassured her, "I'd be more concerned if he weren't like this."

"Moreno you're done with inventory?" The Lieutenant asked plainly. "How's the gear?"

"Commander I don't know what O.N.I.'s expecting us to do with all that firepower down there." Moreno exclaimed, "This ship has just about everything your standard Trooper could dream of One Scorpion, Two Warthogs, four Mongooses, a four drop pod release chambers and a god damn pelican. And, that's only what I could count on my fingers."

"That's ridiculous Moreno." Lucy corrected him, "it's Mongeese not Mongooses."

"Really... I just make a joke about I having twelve fingers and you point out Mongooses." Moreno acknowledged.

"What? You mean humans don't have twelve fingers." Lucy paused in utter surprise "I'll need to add this information in when I get my next update."

"Very funny." Moreno laughed.

"What's funny?" Lucy smiled.

**\*\*ONE HOUR LATER\*\***

"Alright Commander." Lucy spoke, "ETA is 5 mins."

"Tell Chambers and the Rookie suit up and meet me at the hanger." Lt. Miles yelled.

Lucy could see why Chambers attendance would be necessary, the prison in question is privately owned and thus doesn't have to follow the sanction set forth by the UNSC in terms of ensuring the safety and security of their inmates, but why Adam. Both Moreno and Radd had more experience and surely the Commander must have had doubts about Adams allegiance just as he questioned her's right. This must be some kind of a test she thought, it was just a pick up mission, it was low risk. And if Adam tried anything he'd defiantly notice. Lucy had no idea whether the director had given Adam orders beneath her notice,

she simply hope that if Adam was up to anything he could do it unnoticed.

As the three young ODS'T made their way to the hanger, Lt. Miles provided expedition on the mission to come, "Listen up troopers, our objective is clear. Secure Corporal Nicklaus Holden for the mission. The monetary transaction has already been completed, all we have to do is the pick up."

"All wrapped up with a pretty bow on top, right Commander?" Chambers joked. Adam however was silent, it was the young trooper first official mission as a member of Nova team, and the lieutenant could see that he was determined to make a good impression even if was only a pick up mission.

"How long are we expected to be held up here Commander?" Chambers huffed she was all too familiar with wait times and paperwork associated with these types of missions. The UNSC could make something as simple as signing your signature a lengthy chore taking from minutes to hours.

"Not long." Lt. Miles stated plainly setting her mind at ease. "This prison is privately owned so its unlikely that we'll any kind of UNSC 'BS' before doing what we came here to do." The lieutenant slips his helmet on and activates his visor and motions for his squad mates to do the same.

Adam throws his helmet on as if he were being timed or tested. Chambers laughs, "Ah Rookie calm down its not a race... I get it. That O.N.I. training right." Adam looks at her and nods, feeling a little foolish for showing just how green he was. She smiles then puts her helmet on as well.

"Chambers your leg going to be okay?" Lt. Miles asked as they all began boarding the pelican in the docking area, "I could always bring Moreno if your not feeling up to it."

"What? You don't think I can hold my own Commander?" Chambers mocked, "Its just a pick up, besides I got the rookie to pick up the slack."

The ODS'T took their seats as they felt the pelican exit the docking bay, within moments they heard the pilot requesting permission to land on the Prison space station. "Be careful Commander." Lucy voice could be heard over the team communication channel, "Although O.N.I. has done business with Dexen before I'd be lying if I said he could be trusted."

"And your employers can?" The lieutenant replied somewhat curious as to how the relationship between O.N.I. and Dexen could possibly function if neither trusted the other.

"Hey we're O.N.I remember..." Lucy explained, "We wouldn't be doing our jobs if people trusted us. But, that's besides the point. One of the reason why we've continue to work with him is because he's easy to read. He's in it for the money, always has been. The only problem with that is we know exactly what he'll do once someone comes along with a bigger checking account than we have."

"Fair enough" Lt. Miles acknowledge, "I'll keep an eye out." Just as

those words left his mouth the the door of the Pelican opened revealing a tall light skinned man with dark blue hair dressed in black and violet body armor with two men dress in identical brown uniform, similar to the one's worn by marines in the field, standing nearby.

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo ODSr Project Valkyrie Theme "The Way" on YouTube\*\*]\*\***

"Welcome to Havoc; You must be the representative sent by O.N.I. for the pick up of..." the man paused, "Darn it... What was his name again."

"Holden sir." One of the two guards spoke.

"Holden ah yes crafty one, that one." The man exclaimed, "When he first got here he prove to be quite a handful, That man could make an explosive device out of cooking grease and hand soap. It took a bit of time but we finally find just the right accommodation for him."

"Havoc?" Lt. Miles uttered not completely understanding.

"Yes. That's what some of the prisoner call the station, It just sort of caught on even among my guards." The man smiled.

"You must be Saren Dexen," Lieutenant Miles stated. "You're a bit more exotic then I would've expected"

"Come now Lieutenant, the only difference between you and I is a few zeros on our respective paychecks that's all." Saren Dexen explained, "And maybe the number of rifles under our charge... Speaking of which I'm afraid I'm going to have to asked you and your comrades to lay down your arms. Only guards are permitted to carry their weapons pass the entry point."

The two guards standing behind Saren slow moved to recover the guns held by Lt. Miles and his troopers. Swiftly the Lieutenant draw his side arm with his sites aimed sharply center mass of the eccentric bastard, causing both his trooper to aim in at the guards at Dexen's back. Lt. Miles spoke calmly and clearly, "You got your money Dexen, and we've got our guns."

"Lieutenant... this i standard procedure." Dexen explained with a smile on his face as if he did not have a care in the world.

"You make the procedure right? Then change it." The lieutenant explained coldly, "Your life expectancy depends on it."

"Very well lieutenant." Dexen agreed motioning for his men to stand down allowing the lieutenant and his men to do the same. "As your employers have already transferred the funds we have already prepared Nicklaus Holden to be released into you custody." Dexen turned around and proceeded to lead the troopers to Holden's cell. Along the way the troopers saw many horrid and disturbing things from the guards viciously beating inmates outside of their cells to disturbing graffiti curved into the walls and floors of some cells that weren't suffering from over population begging for death.

"My God." Chambers uttered under her breath before finally finding

her voice , "These living conditions... This can't be legal!"

"Legal?" Dexen laughed, "We're in the vacuum of space, and the UNSC is far too busy trying to pick up the piece of their beloved colonies to focus on anything going on up here. And by the time they do I will have already made quadruple the fine they're likely to charge me."

"Commander?!" Chambers blurted letting her emotions and ethic as a doctor get the better of her.

"Stay on mission Chambers." Lt. Miles said looking back towards her. The sight of this place didn't rub him any better than it did her, but it was important that he keep his cool so his troopers could do the same.

"Right this way lieutenant." Dexen lead the troopers into a room where there were monitors with a visual on Holden's individual cell with two guards standing in-front of it. Lt. Miles saw Dexen say something over the radio, which was then preceded by the guards opening and entering Holden's cell. Suddenly the butt of one of the guard's rifles smacked across the face of a subdued Holden, which was then followed by a relentlessly assault upon him.

Lt. Miles voice exploded from his chest, "Dexen!" The lieutenant examined the room he was in and found Dexen no where in sight.

Suddenly a voice a from the monitor that was documenting Holden vicious assault.

"O.N.I. must think me a fool. Offering me such a tiny lump sum, and then sending Noel Radd and Trent Miles, the only two surviving members of Project Challenger to my doorstep!" Dexen exploded, "My mistake, the true names of the members of Project Challenger should never be spoken. I suppose I should your code names; Remind me again which of you is Phantom and which is Nightmare. You two killed a lot of people during the war: grunts, elites, humans... Do you know how much money people will pay see both your heads rolling on the pavement? Millions... literally millions."

"Phantom... Nightmare?" the Rookie whispered under his breath.

"Commander the door is sealed; we're locked in!" Chamber exclaimed, using all her might to get the door open.

"Commander!" Lucy voiced echoed over the comm.

"Not a good time Lucy!" the Lieutenant exclaimed.

"My apologies Commander." Lucy replied, "I mean why would you want to know that the black star has just sent out fighter jets and are trying to board the ship."

"Perfect! Is there anything else you want to tell me?" Lt. Miles states sarcastically not thinking things could get any worst.

"There is one more teeny tiny thing that you should probably be aware

of." Lucy continued, "We sort of... Kind of ... Possibly... Lost Warrant Officer Noel Radd." The lieutenant placed the hand that wasn't gripping his battle rifle on the top of helmet completely confident that things couldn't get any worst.

"Just give up Nightmare, and I promise you'll be well taken care of... until your execution that is." Dexen's laugh echoed over the intercom and into the heart and mind of the young lieutenant fulling him with frustration and anguish.

## 7. Ch 6 Nightmare

Legend:

**\*\*Bold- Scene Transition\*\***

*\_Italics- Sounds\_*

'Thoughts'- '...'

**\*\*Chapter 6\*\***

**\*\*\*\*September 15, 2554\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*00:00 Hours, Earth time\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Havoc Prison Space Station\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*ODST Spec Ops Unit, November Six, aka Nova Team\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Status: Currently Imprisoned in hostel terrain\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Location: Havoc Prison Space Station, just outside of Pluto Orbit\*\*\*\***

**\*\*Nightmare\*\***

**\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Halo Reach- Ashes on You Tube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\***

"Nightmare?" Gideon looked to Staff Sergeant Chambers, although her face was still hidden behind the blackness of her visor, she shrugged her shoulders suggesting she was just as in the dark as he was.

For a time there was complete silence, for a time it seem as if the entire Galaxy outside those four walls that surrounded those troopers cease to exist. Having a feeling that the Rookie would never speak plainly when talking to the Commanding officer Chambers decided to take the lead, "Care to clue us in Forge?"

The Lieutenant was quite for some time he was completely motionless as if time had stop for him and him alone.

"Forge... You feeling okay?" Chambers was especially concerned in all the years that she had known him never has she seen him flustered. Even when he was uncertain of what was to come, he would always maintain a strong outward appearance to keep those under his charge calm and collected. However, before her stood a man she did not recognize. A man who had let doubt claim his heart.

Suddenly words just started fumbling out of the lieutenants mouth, first they were quiet almost as if a whisper then slowly his words began to quicken becoming more unstable and erratic as they exited his mouth, "How did they know where we... We shouldn't have been there... we should have known... Something... Anything!"

"Forge snap out of it", Chambers begged, but it was no use, the lieutenant was too far gone into the darkness of his own mind. Without a doubt Chamber knew such a burden would crush him under the weight of his own self-doubt and pity. It was something that all marines would have to come to terms with to some degree, for some it was worst than other. But, for a select few it was a nightmare that seemed eternally unending.

"I could have saved them if I had done something... anything other than what I..." Lt. Miles madden ramblings continued, his body began to mimic his words the quickening of his voice with shakes and shuttering throughout.

Suddenly Chamber grabbed the base of the lieutenant's helmet and with full force and not the slightest hint of hesitation proceed to ram her helmet against his. She was so flustered that she unintentionally used the visor portion of her helmet for the collision causing the black veil that hid her soft features of her face to malfunction and crack. She raged, "Get your head out of your ass and pull yourself together marine!" It was clear that her voice had reach him however, a look of confusion still remained which only made her more angry. Forcing her to headbutt the dazed lieutenant yet again this time with so much force that a portion of her visor actually broke off revealing her hazel right eye to the world, in a strain yet caring voice she continued, "You're the only reason any of us agreed to take on this mission... We need you here!"

He looked her eye that had been exposed only to see the righteous anger within them but also a hint of concern, the fact that one of his men was so concerned about him made him smile and just then all of the shaking seemed to stopped .She pulled back for another assault only to have her lieutenant place his hand on the forefront of her helm stopping her just before she let loose. "Thanks Chambers I needed that." Lt. Miles smiled beneath his visor, "But, if you ever do anything like that again I swear to god I'll court martial your ass."

"Dick." Chambers smiled as she helped him to his feet. "Forge, back then... What happened?"

\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Halo 2 Never Forget on YouTube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\*

Lt. Miles exhaled deeply then began to explained, "Project Challenger was a mistake." a serious tone returning to his voice, "It was suppose to be the UNSC answer to the spartan program, a way of proving that breeding people just for the purposes of combat was not only immoral, but also unnecessary. That we could have got along just fine without it."

"You tried to oppose the spartan program?" Chambers asked.

Lt. Miles Nodded, "There were only about 300 of us, each trained by the best of the UNSC, each equipped state of the art convenient

inspired weaponry, That's where I got that energy saber you may seen me use from time to time. The Sniper Rifle System 99-Series 5 Anti-Materiel may be ideal for long range kills, but something that isn't an option and you'll need to get up close and personal and the M6C/SOCOM just can't rip through shields as well as a good blade."

"Why is it that I've never heard anything about you guys?" Chambers asked, "I mean a trooper rushing into battle with an energy sword; that would be sure to turn a few heads on the front lines right?"

"We never fought on the battlefield", The lieutenant corrected her, "In fact if the situation ever escalated into an all out firefight it meant we'd probably failed in our mission."

"You mean you were...?" Chambers started but was quickly interrupted by her the lieutenant.

"Assassins, saboteurs, Spec Ops. We called ourselves many things." Lt. Miles continued, "Our job was to eliminate high priority targets and make the war as unprofitable as possible for the convenient and their allies. Basically we made war as expensive as possible for the convenient, forcing them to consider and rethink every possible offensive against the UNSC. We were very good at it. So much so that as a result many of our colonies with smaller populations were completely ignored and many more battles were avoided altogether."

"Woah, heavy stuff." Lucy's voice echoed over the team's comm, but she was soon hushed by Moreno. Lt. Miles knew they had been listening in, however he felt as part of the team they all had a right to know.

"As you could probably guess we had some success, but with success come notoriety. Eventually the convenient were able to confirm we existed and so naturally we become a target," The lieutenant paused, "It started with small stuff like leaking fake information to lure the occasional two to four man fire teams to their deaths, but then we started loosing entire squads at a time until it began clear that the convenient were hellbent on our total annihilation. That's when it happened, that's when the convenient killed everyone."

"Everyone?" Lucy voice appeared with her intention, however there was no witty comment this time. She understood the depth of the situation and to make light of it would only mean disrespect.

The lieutenant nodded, "Somehow the convenient were able to discover the location of our base of operation. To this day no one has been able to deduce exactly how they managed this."

"Isn't it obvious they must have manage to overran one of you FOBs and extracted the location from their." Lucy explained plainly.

"Great theory except it's not possible." Lt. Miles explained, "Our uniforms where equipped with a wireless signal capable of setting off a program similar to the Cole Protocol. Basically we press a button and all records of locations, who we were and where we're from get

deleted automatically. And of those who were killed by the convenient out in the field, 100 percent of them were able to set off this purge."

"That changes things" Lucy admitted with surprise in her voice.

"When they arrived they had only one thing on their minds. Genocide." ,Lt. Miles continued, "I saw my fellow troopers, my brothers at arm die while I was somehow managing to survive. That day changed someth..."

Suddenly the monitor lite up just as it did before with all to undesirable face of Saren Dexen upon it,"Tell me Nightmare did you give any thought to my generous purposeful." Dexen explained, "Will you come peacefully?"

"As I was saying..."Lt. Miles said ignoring Dexen remark, "That day changed something inside me." suddenly he removed Chambers' damaged helmet from her head and replaced it with his own,"I'll never forgive myself for surviving that day, I'll never forget that I heard their cries and was unable to help them." Slowly he places the damaged helmet he just received from Chambers on his head, his right eye glowing a pale blue light through the opening in the cracked helm as he continues,"That day... I killed them all... When the UNSC arrived I was the only one still drawing breath. You're gonna learn why they call me Nightmare."

Dexen started,"Very poetic Nightmare, but I'm afraid words do little more than..." Suddenly a guard dressed in their common brown armor, came to his side,"What?! What do you mean they're in the power supply room?", Dexen roared,"Just one?... Then kill him!.. An entire Platoon; down! To one man, that's impossible!" Quickly Dexen turned his attention back to the lieutenant,"Listen up nightmare I'm not sure exactly what type of game your playing, but if you think..."

Suddenly the monitor was black, soon after the white light that filled the room was gone replaced by a red light that was barely better then the darkness that would be present in its absent. "Lucy what the hell is going on?" The lieutenant spoke quickly.

"The Back up generators came online Commander." Lucy responded,"No clue what could have caused it."

"I'll take credit for that." a voice rang over the comm to Lucy's surprise." Allowing yourself to be captured Nightmare, you've gotten rusty."

"Anybody ever tell you you talk too much?" Lt. Miles mocked.

"Not recently."The voice replied.

"I don't mean to interrupt." Lucy interjected irritated by the unknown individual on her channel, "But, who the heck are you? This is a secure channel, who gave you access?"

"Lucy relax." the lieutenant attempted to calm her,"Its Warrant Officer Radd. I had a feeling he'd do something like this. He's always preferred working alone when possible."



"I got good news and bad news, which would you like to hear first?" Radd voice echoed over the communication system.

"Surprise me." The Lieutenant smiles ejecting and examining the magazine in his battle rifle before reinserting it.

"As you wish." Radd started, "The Good news is I've cut the power to the security system, which means all the locks should be disabled."

"Yeah... and the bad news?" Lt. Miles exclaimed, drawing the M6C/SOCOM silenced pistol at his side, looking at it as if he were seeing it for the first time.

"The bad is the the guards are fully aware of the fault in their system and are on there way to both your and my location as we speak."The Warrant Officer continued.

"Wait wait wait!"Lucy interjected, "You disabled the all locks right? So doesn't that mean?"

\_KABOOM!\_

\*\*\*\*[\*\*\*\*Play Zack Hemsey Redemption on You Tube\*\*\*\*]\*\*\*\*

Suddenly an explosion shakes the space station violently. The three trooper struggle to stay of their feet, the explosion was so intense and unexpected Gideon was forced to his knees.

"The hell?" Chambers shouted in confusion.

"An explosion!" the rookie added making his way to his feet.

"Yeah, no Shit!"Chamber remarked with a hint of anxiety in her voice, she stumbles finally making her way to a nearby window to gain some level of understanding to what was going on. Just as her eyes reach the blackness of space she saw them, dozens of prisoners and guards alike being sucked into the vacuum of space. Their skin turned blue in mere seconds after being exposed to the coldness of space, their bodies fumbling around violently, as if they were on fire, a great many of them were holding their throats trying to conserve what ever air they could, before they simply ceased to be. Soon there was nothing, the violent movements and fumbblings of desperation were at there end as their bodies were taken by the great blackness of space.

Lucy voiced erupted over the comm, "Commander I'm picking up a sudden increase in the terminal energy of the space station and multiple anomaly drafting from your direction! What's going on down there?"

Lt. Miles acknowledged Lucy concerns, however like her's his knowledge was limited at the time he spoke, "Radd what the hell? was that you?"

"Unfortunately, I can't take credit for that one" Radd's voice echoed over the communication system. "However, there is one that I believe you are over-looking."

Knowing to whom he was referring the lieutenant smiled, "It'd only make sense, he's the reason why we're in this mess in the first place." He had every reason to expect trouble so quickly he used a hand and arm signal to position both Gideon and Chamber to branch the door that once held the troopers captive.

"Indeed." Radd agreed, "and even if he isn't well armed he can at least help us take down some of the prisoners who escaped from their cells."

"Prisoners?" Chamber shouted, "I thought you said we'd only be dealing with guards?"

"I cut the power remember?" Radd explained, "Were you expecting them to seat in their cells quietly?"

"No, but a heads up would have nice!" Chambers raged.

"The have no armor, no training and only improvised weapons they're threat level is minimal at best" Radd explained as the sound of gunfire erupted on his end, "We'll have to take later."

"Sometimes I really hate that guy." Chambers cringed looking down at her leg injury.

"I thought as much." Lucy chuckled, "Nova Team sure has a way of keeping thing interesting. I think I'm beginning to like you guys."

"Outstanding!" The lieutenant shouted as he slammed the magazine back into his battle rifle after examining it for the 3rd time in the last few minutes. Swiftly he moved to started telling his fellow troopers to initiate a frag and clear. Chambers primed a frag grenade in her left hand as she leaned it up against the door, Gideon placed his assault rifle at the ready, in preparation for whatever it was that lied beyond that door. The Lieutenant's hand flew forward signaling his troopers to begin the assault. The door flew open as Chamber simultaneously released the grenade from her grasp. Gideon begin to upload through the opening allowing his squadmates time to exploit the breach.

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Can't wait to get to the Action next Chapter

## 8. Ch 7 Children of War

Legend:

**\*\*Bold- Scene Transition\*\***

*\_Italics- Sounds\_*

'Thoughts'- '...'

**\*\*Chapter 7\*\***

**\*\*\*September 15, 2554\*\*\***

\*\*\*\*00:58 Hours, Earth time\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Havoc Prison Space Station\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*ODST Spec Ops Unit, November Six, aka Nova Team\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Status: Currently Engaged in Hostel Enemy  
Terrain\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Location: Havoc Prison Space Station, just outside of Pluto  
Orbit\*\*\*\*

\*\*Children of War\*\*

\*\*Staff Sergeant Kristen Chambers Perspective \*\*

\*\*[\*\*Play Follow our Brothers Halo 3 on YouTube\*\*]\*\*

\*\*Boom!\*\*

The smoke from the explosion filled the hall, the loud bang echoed accompanied by sounds of bodies crashing against the walls and furnishings before hitting the floor and weepers of pain on the lips of the downed guards. A moment later two guards tried to rush into the room through the smoke and confusion, Gideon who was ready for such a tactic release several rounds into the chest of each combative first the one on the left followed by the one on the right. The hit the ground respectively.

Then there was silence. The lieutenant placed his hand on Gideon's shoulder then moved for him to ensure that the rest of the hall was indeed clear. Hugging the wall tightly Gideon lean slowly, peeking outside into the hall. Gideon sighted in down the hall, then looked to his Commander offering him a nod to confirm that the hall was indeed clear.

Lt. Miles nodded as he began to speak, "Chambers you and Gideon get to the docking bay, I have a feeling they're not just going to let us leave this place. If you encounter hostiles on the way, kill them, if you don't hold the position until Evac and if you die... get up and shake it off."

"Roger that Commander." Chamber replied motioning for Gideon to move to her position, she couldn't help but look into at the crack in the helmet that he wore that she had created. She wondered it hinder him in anyway then she quickly shook the thought from her head 'He's the best of us 'she thought to herself 'He'll be fine.' . "But what about you Forge, you going after Dexen?"

"I'm just going to have a talk with our little friend is all." Lt. Miles said leaning up against the entrance to an uncleared corridor, with mild excitement in his voice. "See how that goes."

"Put a bullet in him for me sir." Chambers yells jokingly as she turn her back to him and begins to make her way back to the docks with Gideon on her tail.

"Now what did I tell you Staff Sergeant. First talk, then shot him. End of discussion." the lieutenant exclaimed fading into the darkness of the black and red lite room.

**\*\*Warrant Officer Noel Radd \*\*\*\* Perspective\*\***

**\*\*[\*\*Play A Martian Winter by Angel Vivalda on YouTube\*\*]\*\***

"Found One! Take him down!" a prisoner yelled as he saw the sight of a fair sized man, who's face was covered with a helmet with a tinted black visor and a shiny suit of ODSI issued armor protecting his body with a jet black katana mounted on his back. The trooper looked back over his shoulder's and identified the threat, there were three fairly large men in orange prison jumpsuits, none of which had a firearm. One had a crudely made knife made out of a piece of glass with tape around one end to keep the prisoner from cutting themselves no doubt. the other two had no weapons in sight. The one with the knife rushed in expecting his prey to go down easy, he was mistaken. In a single swoop the trooper leaped into the air sending a flying kick downward across the man's face. He fell to the ground like a sack of bricks.

"Spotted by low-lives like you?" Warrant Officer Radd said to himself, "I must be losing it." Quickly the one of the two men helped the prisoner on the ground to his feet, while the other retrieved the knife.

"You think you're pretty tough huh?" the prisoner said as he made his way to his feet. He looked to his buddy who was now holding the knife and motion for him to go in for the attack. The prisoner hesitated but then proceeded to do so. Once he was close enough Phantom caught the wrist of the hand that was in possession of the knife with his right hand then sent a solid punch right into the mid section of the prisoner knocking the air out of him with his left hand. As the man gasped for air, Phantom proceeded to violently use the arm that was already within his grasp to position the man in a way so that he was facing his friends and the knife in the man's grasp was positioned at his own throat, the man's voice tried to escaped as he attempted to cry out in pain but no sound could be heard. The other two men watched in utter shock until the supposed leader slapped the other in the back of the head explaining that they should attack him from different sides. They move into position, the one in the front attacked first yelling as he moved, Phantom simply kicked the man in his grasp into him as he approach causing both men to stumble to the ground in a clumsy fashion. The other attacked from behind, however now that he was free from the burden of another man's weight the warrant officer was able to deal with him in a similar fashion as before, sending a flying heel kick to the side of his face causing him to spin out of control until eventually catching himself on a nearby wall.

The three men made their way to their feet, however they were breathing extremely heavily by this point. The Warrant Officer could see the look of exhaustion in their eyes, he knew they had one last attempt in them at most. They moved. Phantom activated his cloaking system disappearing from sight, carefully he moved right before of one of the men and sent a right hook across his face causing him to stumble and fall before reappearing, the other two men took the opportunity to attack, first from the front then from the back. Phantom sent a straight leg kick into the chest of the one coming from the front then without even turning himself to face the other used the momentum from the impact to use the same leg to strike the knee of the one attacker from behind forcing him to the ground on

hands and bended knees. Just then the one that took the right hook was back on his feet and with a familiar crudely shaped knife in hand. Phantom grabbed the hand the knife was in it then with a little joint manipulation positioned the man so that his face was forced just beneath the warrant officer crotch. Radd sent three quick knees into the man's face before flipping him onto his back taking the knife as he did. Radd throw the knife into the leg of the prisoner trying to stand, forcing him to the ground as he yelled in agony. Finshing off his opponents with a kick to the chin of the one on bended knee rendering him unconscious. The man with the knife in leg cried out in pain cursing up a storm as he did. The others lay silently in their involuntary slumber. "Like I said... minimal at best." the Warrant Officer whispered under his breath. Just then a hand exited from a dark corner of the room and rested itself on the trooper's shoulder. With no hesitation whatsoever Radd grabbed the hand of the unidentified individual, pinning him up against a nearby wall, drawing his pistol from his holster as he did.

"Take it easy fella." the man said, "You're a trooper ain't cha , so am I." It was a rather large man in an orange prison jumpsuit with bumps and bruises all over his face and hands. He had wild long black hair and a short black beard with spots of gray here and there was a southern North American accent in his voice. He may have looked a little differently but his voice and dialect were unmistakable.

"Holden?" Radd stated as he returned his pistol to his holster.

"Yeah... Radd is that you? Sorry I sneaked up on you like I did." Holden explained rubbing the area of his wrist the warrant officer recently assaulted, "Its just been far too long sense I've been able to tell a friendly just by looking at him."

Phantom looks up and down Holden's person before speaking, "Do you have a weapon?"

Holden pulls out a strange tool from his back pocket. "Shot... only my skin penetration device fashioned from a spoon, maple syrup, and another man's baby teeth." Radd shuck his head and handed Holden one of the two silenced pistols that he was never went into battle without as well as a spree magazine before walking off. "Aren't you gonna ask how I freed myself or at least about the baby teeth?" Holden laughed following him.

"Actually." Warrant Officer Radd finally after a mild period of silence, "I couldn't care less. Save it for the Commander."

"And speaking of the Commanders..." Holden exclaimed, "All I was able to weasel out of those guards before I got away was something about having friends in high place. That's news to me. But, then to my surprise I found my good old friend Corporal Radd to the rescue." Radd let out a big breath of air before turning to him and revealing his well earned rank, "Warrant Officer?... da Fuck!"

**\*\*Lieutenant Trent Miles\*\*\*\* Perspective\*\***

Lt. Miles sprinted down a nearby hall lite by the faint red of light of the emergency generator, the gray steel of the floors combined with the darkness of the space station gave off an alarming feel.

Coming across an uncleared opened doorway he slowly pried the entrance with his battle rifle leaving as little of himself exposed as possible to enemy combatants. He spotted six Havoc prison guards searching the room lazily as if they were unsure of exactly what they were looking for. Carefully he positioned himself in a way so he could cleanly take them all out one by one, until a voice over a communication system surprised him, causing him to abandon his plan and throw his body against the wall he was closest to with a loud thud. It was Lucy, "Commander, Warrant Officer Radd has confirmed contact with Nickolus Holden."

"Damn it Lucy! Little busy here." the lieutenant whispered with frustration in his voice. He was hugging the wall closely now, he could hear a few of the guards moving to investigate, he hoped to deal with them quietly and effectively but a certain sassy mouthed, violent tinted AI dashed all hope of that. The first guard walked to the doorway casually as if to prove that there was nothing dangerous on the other side. Noticing this Lt. Miles grabbed him by the chest plate of his uniform and spun the guard around his body 180 degrees before slamming him into the wall he hid behind.

"Everything okay down there Commander?" Lucy spoke trying to get a read on the situation. The guard now pinned against the wall with the lieutenant's weight bearing down on him threw his right elbow back trying to strike his attacker. The lieutenant blocked the elbow with his right arm then used his left hand to slam the guard's head into the cold steel of the wall in front of him, stunning him. Then using his body as a counterweight of sorts the lieutenant placed the guard in a choke with his right arm then proceeded to fling the guard over his body, slamming him to the ground with tremendous force before placing one last clean punch to the jaw knocking the guard unconscious. "Commander! Commander!" Lucy shouted repeatedly over the communication system.

"You know Lucy." Lt. Miles said clearly, pulling the charging handle on his Battle Rifle to send a fresh round into the chamber as he prepared himself for the now unavoidable battle to come, he could hear the other guards moving closer to his position probably to check up on their buddy who was now deeply lost in the land of dreams by this point. "Did I ever tell you how beautiful and welcoming your voice is?" he finally said.

"Then why do I suddenly get the feeling that my voice is none of those things." Lucy growled with contempt in her voice.

"Good instincts." the lieutenant smiled, "Ah Lucy, you said ONI has been doing business with Dexen for a while right? Any idea how well-trained his guards are?"

"First you insult me and now you want to get information out of me?" Lucy's growled.

"Lucy." was all Lt. Miles had to say for Lucy to know that now was not the time for games.

"Alright alright... Let's see." Lucy thought for a second, "Dexen has always been somewhat of a cheapskate, never wanting to shove out the cash for any kind of high quality protection. He normally just hires second rate mercenaries and wannabe marines who couldn't make the cut in the UNSC, that sort of thing. That way he doesn't have to pay

top dollar, and he keeps his personnel count high and his pockets loaded."

"Any kind of formal training issued by Dexen himself." The Lieutenant continued as he pulled a flash-bang from his grenade pouch.

"Not that I know of. Why?" Lucy replied not completing understanding the situation.

**\*\*[\*\*Play An Erisian Autumn on YouTube\*\*]\*\***

"No Reason." Lt. Miles answered. The flash-bang was primed, and without a second thought he throw it into the room of enemy combatants, shielding the crack in his visor as he did so. "There were five of them." the lieutenant said to himself as he tried to shake the slight beeping sound from his ears but it was to no avail. Now certain that the enemy had been properly stunned he moved. The first guard was extremely close to the hall in which the lieutenant was hiding behind. A quick roundhouse kick to the back of the skull made his head bounce off the nearby door before he dropped to the floor. There were three more positioned at the far wall, with great swift the lieutenant took aim with his battle rifle and released three burst from his rifle, two of the guards were stuck in the shoulder, forcing them to drop their weapon. The unlucky one of the them took three bullets to the knee completely shattering it, he collapses roaring in agony. "One more left." the lieutenant utters under his breath as he surveyed the area only to see a half blind guard gripping his aching eyes with one hand and desperately running the other across the floor in search of his grounded rifle. His hand brushes over his weapon and a look of relief takes hold of his face. \_Ta ta ta! \_The rifle slides to a nearby wall as bullets from Lt. Miles' rifle connects with it.

The guard forces himself to his feet blinking his eyes rapidly still struggling to see, an angry yet determined look on his face. His puts his hands up as if to challenge the lieutenant to a one on one brawl. "Are you serious right now?" the lieutenant mocked as he took aim at the guards left leg, "Normally I'd be more than happy to pummel you into the dirt, but I've got a little get together planned with your boss sooo." Just then another guard grabbed him from behind while simultaneously knocking his weapon from his grasp. "The hell! Where'd you come from?" Lt. Miles yelled trying to break free of the guard's grip and failing miserably, "Let me guess you were behind the door the entire time, can't take into account what I can't see." Just then the men in front of him raced forward to deliver a quick jab to the face. Lt. Miles waited for him to move into range and then used both his legs to kick out at the man's chest using him as a springboard to propel himself and his attacker toward the far wall. \_Crash! \_The attacker's back hits the wall violently, angry now the guard slams Lt. Miles front into the wall so now he is the one leaning on it. The lieutenant throws his head back violently, the back of his helmet striking the guard's Kevlar helmet causing him to stumble and the helmet to fall off. The guard's grip loosened a little but not enough for an escape. Once he had his balance back the guard took a step back taking the lieutenant with him, then slammed the trooper against the wall again, he moved back yet again this time even further than before most likely with the same tactic in mind, however this time Lt. Miles was ready for it. As the two moved towards the wall, the Lieutenant pressed his feet up against the wall and proceeded to run up the wall flipping and landing behind at the guard's rear freeing

himself in the process.

The guards looks up at the lieutenant in disbelief, without thinking he takes a step back and then another so that now his back was now to the wall where he previously held the trooper captive. In a single movement the lieutenant kicked up, as his foot made contact with the guard's skull, the guard's skull made contact with the wall behind him. All the life left the guard's eyes as he slide down against the wall until he lay dormant on the floor. Breathing heavily Lt. Miles reaches down and picks up his battle rifle beneath him. When he turns around to his surprise he sees the same guard as before with his hands up with the intent to fight. The lieutenant looks at his rifle then back to the guard, then to his rifle then back to the guard. "Ah what the hell." the trooper exclaimed as he leans his battle rifle against a nearby wall. The guard smiles. Suddenly Lt. Miles reaches into his holster and with his pistol releases a single round into the man's left foot. The man falls to the ground rolling in pain. "Dumb ass." the trooper whispers under his breath as he palms his rifle and exits the room, taking out guards and prisoners alike with single round burst from his battle rifle as they approach.

[Play Halo 3 ODST Deference for Darkness on YouTube]

Suddenly a voice is heard over the communication system.  
"Commander... Commander do you copy?" Chambers shouts.

"Chambers?" Lt. Miles replies, "Have you cleared the docking area?"

"Kinda ended up on a little detour, but Gideon's on it." Chambers responds "Don't touch that!".

"Well with the way these guy fight he should have no problem." the lieutenant stated, "What's this about a detour? Don't touch what?"

All of the sudden an unknown voice echos over the radio, "I want mommy!"

"Calm down sweetheart." Chambers voice quickly follows it.

"Sweetheart?" the lieutenant says to himself before replying, "Chamber what the hell is going on?"

"Commander..." Chambers hesitates, "I found a little girl. She says there are other children on the space station."

"Children?" Lt. Miles starts "This station is war zone right now! What in the world are children doing here? Are they family members of the guards and staff?"

"Doubt it. I gave the her here a quick look over and found evidence of chains on her wrist and ankles." Chambers replied, "I don't know why these kids are here, but its definitely not by choice."

"Can you keep them safe?" Lt. Miles exclaims.

"I'll do my best sir. Currently moving to their position as we speak." Chamber explains.



"You mean you're not already there?" the Lieutenant quickly asked.

"Commander this place is huge if I just went wandering around you wouldn't see me again for a month." Chambers replied, "I'm following the little girl, she seems to have some idea where she's going. She's leading me to the others. I think we're almost... I see them!...Oh my god. Commander you're gonna wanna see this."

"Damn it, What now?" the lieutenant huffed before speaking, "Alright Chamber turn on your distress tracer so we're not moving completely blind out there. Radd you and Holden meet up with me at Chamber's position. And Gideon you(The sound of gunfire rings on Gideon's side of the transmission) you... just keep doing whatever it is that you're doing, and by that I mean not dying. Time to find out what Dexen's been up to ladies and gents."

"Roger!" The voices of the troopers synchronize over the communication system as they each moved to carry out the objectives they were given.

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Hey guys I put a lot of time and energy in to this, and I hope you guys enjoy it. Found out what it is exactly that Dexen has been up to, and how this team of trooper plans to take him down in the next chapter, and there I might even be a few surprise in store. and as always R&R and enjoy.

## 9. Ch 8 Rapacity

**\*\*Chapter 8\*\***

**\*\*\*\*September 15, 2554\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*03:11 Hours, Earth time\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Havoc Prison Space Station\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*ODST Spec Ops Unit, November Six, aka Nova Team\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Status: Currently engaged in hostile terrain\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Location: Havoc Prison Space Station, just outside of Pluto Orbit\*\*\*\***

**\*\*Rapacity\*\***

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo 2 Unforgotten on You Tube\*\*]\*\***

"Damn." Holden sighed deeply, "Just... Damn.", he searched for the words to describe the horrific scene before him but found none that could do the setting justice.

"This... All of this." Chambers started before her voice retreated into herself.

Lt. Miles was quiet, unsure if what he was seeing was a fantasy of

the most sadistic man who'd ever lived or some sort of sick joke. He looked to Radd who was providing security just outside of the room then back to the scene before them to ensure that his eyes were not playing tricks on him.

Before them covered in dirt and fresh bruises were women and children dressed in rags and seemingly ancient footwear, bound together by shackles and chains. The troopers could see the uncertainty and fear in the eyes of the young children, they winced as the fresh red light entered the room, dim though it may have been. They were numerous, there were at least fifty. They were young, the oldest of them could not have been more than twelve years of age. And, they were frightened, the smaller ones slowly backed away, huddling together for security, while those who were older moved forward ready to protect the others as necessary. Behind them were an assortment of adult women dressed in either orange prison uniforms or hospital gowns that were worn and tattered. Each either showing the signs of pregnancy or gently cradling a newborn babe in their arms. One woman deeply embraced the children that were nearest her crying something in a language the troopers could not understand. Another lay defenseless on a nearby bunk possibly moments away from giving birth, an expression of something beyond sadness craved into her face as she weep.

One of the boys stepped forward: he had dark black hair, intense brown eyes, and a single bandage under his left eye; he wailed, "No More! You can't take away anymore of us... not again!" he's eyes locked in on Corporal Holden as he spoke. The intensity of the child's eyes was enough to make even Holden step back in baffled. Holden's gaze made its way to the lieutenant, who nodded before moving to confront the boy. As the Lieutenant moved the boy spoke, however this time the boy's voice was not a roar but a whimper, all traces of strength ceased as the boy began to beg, "Please!... Please. Haven't you taken enough of us?"

An older woman who looked old enough to be the child's grandmother stepped between the lieutenant and the boy. She too was dressed in tattered clothing colored gray. She spoke, in a disjointed and broken English making it painfully obvious that English was not her language of choice. Her sentences were broken and she paused when speaking often, "Forgive Cody. She pointed to the boy, "Child." The lieutenant gently brushed her aside as he continued for the boy.

With the last of his fire the boy's voice exploded from his chest, tears ever-present on his face, "Okay assholes if you're gonna take somebody than take me!" the lieutenant reached for the boy, causing him to close his eyes tightly as he prepared himself to be struck. After a moment he started to open his eyes, surprised and yet relieved by the lack of pain. Instead the boy felt a warm hand resting gently on his head. When the boy he looked up he saw the face of a man with caring eyes, the lieutenant had removed his helmet.

The lieutenant then knelt down, grabbing the shackle on the boy's left wrist as he moved. Lt. Miles sighed, "So... You're name's Cody" reaching into his pouch the lieutenant pulled out one of his two single-blade energy sabers, he spoke calmly, "Well Cody... try not to move too much, I'd hate it if I accidentally cut off anything other than these shackles," Cody closed his eyes expecting the worst.

\_Waching!\_

The blade spring forth, with a sound similar to what one might believe to be a bolt of lightning accompanying its beauty. The metal shackles hit the floor with a loud \_thud\_. Slowly Cody began to open his eyes. The children circled the troopers in awe as the various colors of the blade danced there eternal dance, each color more beautiful than the one before it and yet somehow each feeling hopelessly incomplete without the others. The darkness of the room made the display all the more stunning. The boy could feel something within his chest, a feeling that felt so very foreign to the cold steel of the walls and the harsh punishments that took place within them. A feeling that was both joyful and somber. The feeling was warmth. That was when the boy did something rather unexpected, Cody began to laugh. Although the sound from his mouth was one of happiness, his eyes told a tale of sadness and woe, as if he had never been done such a kindness before.

"You... you're not one of Dexen's men are you?" the lady laying on the buck asked the troopers as the lieutenant continued to remove the bindings of the children, he simply shook his head. The lady smiled as a single tear began to flow down her cheek. "Thank heavens."

Chambers was next to remove her helmet, her short hair sticking to her forehead, she started, "We're here to help, ONI sent us to..."

Lt. Miles quickly hushed her not wanting to associate himself with the Office of Naval Intelligence anymore than necessary. He continued, "I'm Lieutenant Trent Miles of the USNC. We're the troopers of November Six, Nova team. We're gonna do our best get you folks outta here safely, okay." As the last shackle hit the floor the lieutenant motioned for Chambers to provide medical attention to anyone in need of it.

"Easier said than done Commander." Chambers forced a chuckled looking through her pack of medical supplies, "I only brought enough supplies for one other person not an entire sick bay."

"Just do what you can." Lt. Miles replied with a look in his eye that could only be describe as human. He looks the older woman in her tired, dim eyes and says calmly, "Whats going on here?"

She breaks his gaze, looking down to the floor at an angle, a look of shame emerges. "It..." she mutters trying to get the words out. Cody grabs the woman's hand a mink smile still present on his face. The woman seemed to take strength from the boy as a smile slowly but surely found itself upon her face. "That man, Saran Dexen. Evil! Very very bad man." The trooper gather around as she began to speak, all except for Warrant Officer Radd who continued to provide security. "I got here twenty years ago to serve a five year sentence."

"An extra fifteen years?" Holden laughed, "Damn lady you must be a real fighter. The craziest guy in here only got half that." A serious look from Lt. Miles made him shut his mouth all to quickly.

She shook her head, "I do nothing. Dexen he looks for us, he hunts us like we prey." The troopers still not completely understanding, look at each other before returning their attention to the woman before

them, "The women in here, all the same. No family, few friends, no one that cares. That's why when we go missing, no questions, no one to help." she paused losing her voice to her cries before she continued, "Some was framed. Sent here. He said. Reduce sentence, if we... if we!"

Lt. Miles placed his hand on her upper back as if saying that you've said enough. However, the lady grabs his other hand ever so softly and shared a kind smile with him as the look of determination returned to her eyes, he could feel that this was something she needed to say. She continued, "We had to make child, a child that was not ours to keep. He'd take, and we had to be okay with that."

"What did he do with the children?" , Chamber's finally spoke.

She shrugged her shoulders, "Don't know. Heard so many things. Rumors. All bad. Trading, scientist, covenant. All bad! For Money, always for money." her voice appeared but only as a whisper as if it were being drowned by the weigh of her sorrow. "Five. I had children. Five... All gone. Everyone here, they my family." She points to the troopers and then to everyone else a single word lives her lips, "Protect." The lieutenant shares a weak smile with the lady and nods showing that to be his intention all along.

Lt. Miles secured his helmet and made his way just outside of the room to Warrant Officer Radd's position, Chambers and Holden soon followed, "Human trafficking." he finally said.

"Human trafficking? More like damned slavery!" Chambers exclaimed angrily as she slammed her fist into the wall beside her, "All that time, all those sacrifices trying to stop the covenant! All those years trying to make sure that there was a home to come back to..." Chamber's eyes fell to the ground the righteous anger and confusion in them was apparent to all, "And for what? So some rich son of a bitch can treat innocent women and children like money making cattle."

"This is some elaborate joke them folks have set up in there." Holden laughed, trying to convince himself and the other, "I mean we're... humanity is better than that right?" his eyes went across to room searching for some sign of conformation that things were not as they appeared, there were none. "Fuck." he finally said walking off. "With all the crap that's been happening today, this definitely takes the cake."

"Today. You wanna know what's gonna happen today!" Chambers shouted, "I'm gonna found Dexen and when I get my hands on him..!"

"Negative. You're still recovering from being shot remember." the lieutenant interrupted her, "Besides, right now you're the only one who knows anything that can help those people. They need you here. See what you can dig up on Dexen and his operation while you're at it."

"But Commander!" Chamber started clenching her fist.

"That's an order Staff Sergeant!" Lt. Miles voice began to elevate. "Right now You're more useful here, the rest of us can't do anything for them." Chambers knew there was truth in his words, but the thought of Dexen being taken down by anyone other than herself was

agonizing. She said nothing, she simply took a few steps down the hall turning her back to him. Cursing the entire time as she did. "Get ready to move, the rest of us are going after Dexen."

"You got a screw loose Forge, I mean with all do respect sir, if you hadn't noticed I'm kinda not exactly equipped for this kinda of operation." Holden explained revealing a pistol in one hand and his trusty skin penetration device in the other.

"What's the matter Holden?" Lt. Miles exclaimed turning his gaze to to the corporal, "Was the prison shower scene too much for you to... What in the world is that?" the lieutenant asked spying Holden's trusty device.

A crude smile made its way to Holden's face as he begins to explain, "You see this here is my skin penetration dev..."

"We don't have time for you two to gaze warmly into each others eyes." Warrant Officer Radd stated loudly trying to end the conversation before it begun.

"Right, questions for later I guess." the lieutenant said walking away, he placed his hand on the side of his helmet, "Lucy, I'm gonna need to you to contact the UNSC, we got civilians that need evac ASAP." Warrant Officer Radd followed.

Holden's eyes followed as the warrant officer moved further and further into the distance without thinking he spoke, "Ya know, sometimes I really hate that guy."

"No worries." a voice snuck up behind him, it was Chambers who had apparently managed to cool herself down to some degree, she exclaimed, "I'm sure he gets that a lot. Here you might need this." She hands him her assault rifle. "I know its a little on the light side for your taste but its all I could do on such short notice. You remember how to use that thing right?"

Holden smiles taking the assault rifle into his grasp, "Does a one legged duck swim in circles?" he pops the magazine out taking note of the total remaining rounds before reinserting it.

"Soooo... Was that a yes?" Chamber sighed scratching her head , before reequipping her helmet.

Holden smiles, "Wait. if I got you're rifle what are you going to use, if anything goes dow..." Before he could finish his sentence Chamber cocks her shotgun back fiercely and smiles, "Oh I gotcha, take care of yourself, got a feeling we might be gone for awhile." The two ODSs bump forearms.

"Rogar that. And, I know that those two knuckle heads didn't tell ya, but its nice to have you back." Holden nods before moving to catch up to his fellow troopers."

Holden arrived only to see both Lt. Miles and Warrant Officer Radd both standing on each side of a door peeking through in a way to not reveal their position, however just enough to observe what little they could. The only information that they could gather from the dark room lite by only the faint red light from above was that the room was rather large, so large in fact that the only light source present

scarcely reached the floor making it impossible to see the far side of the room. They could make out the shapes of a few military grade tables and chairs, a chow hall maybe, even spot a few support beams, and an ominous steel door that was just open enough for a man to slide through sideways. But not the slightest trace of a single person, not even a sign that someone had been near the area recently. No trash or clutter even after several firefights had broken out on the station, this area was somehow still spotless to the point of being creepy. The troopers didn't buy it, anyone with eyes could see that this was a trap.

"Holden, what's the likelihood that there are prisoners in there waiting for us?" Lt. Miles whispered as the corporal took a knee beside him.

"Bout as good as you'd expect really." Holden explained, "By now I'm sure the guards have rounded up most of the dangerous fellas. As for everyone else, well this place may be a shit-hole, but the only thing keeping it from becoming hell itself were the people."

"The people huh?"

"Yep." Holden continued, "This may be a prison, but a good bunch of the people here are like me, at their core they're kind-hearted folks who were just a bit down on their luck. So they did what they had to do to survive, they turned to crime. But I suppose there is a chance that we might have a round of bad luck and encounter all the: serial killers, psychopaths, sociopaths, lunatics, loonies, fruitcakes, nut jobs or rebels that aren't too fond of the UNSC that has made this place such a joy to be apart of these last couple of years."

Lt. Miles shook his head not taking much comfort from Holden's words. He decides to return his mind to the task at hand, he may have known it was a trap, but the chance that Dexen would show up once this trap was sprang was to good to pass up. Suddenly he let out a sharp whistle signaling the two trooper to give him their attention, with hand signs alone he told them to stick close while clearing the room, moving as efficiently as possible. They moved. Holden took point his assault rifle at the ready, the lieutenant was next in line aiming his battle rifle over Holden's shoulder for his rifle had greater range, Radd took up the rear his pistol in one hand, while resting the other on the back of the lieutenant so the two had a feel for each others position. Suddenly the room that was almost completely consumed by darkness was engulfed in a pale white light, blinding the troopers as their eyes struggled to adjusted, quickly they tried to tint their visor. Unfortunately for Lt. Miles the damage his helmet had taken rendered his tinting feature inoperable. Although blind they could hear the clinging of metal weapons and the sound of multiple charging handles being pulled back. Warrant Officer Radd tinted vision allowed him to be the first to recover his vision he quickly shouted, "Cover!"

**\*\*[\*\*Play John Dreamer brotherhood on You Tube\*\*]\*\***

Before the troopers knew it a hail of gunfire consumed the room. Still barely able to see the lieutenant was able to make his way behind one of the support beam he had taken note of earlier, he could feel sparks on his helmet as the rounds collided with the gray metal of the beam. It took what seemed like an eternity but the lieutenant was able to finally make out his surrounding. Behind a support beam

just to the northwest of his own was Warrant Officer Radd returning fire as best he could with his pistol, ahead of them with a poorly made barricade made of tables who had been turned on their sides for cover with several guards behind them providing borderline obsessive levels of fire. He looked for Corporal Holden, however he was nowhere to be found. "Where's Holden?" Lt. Miles asked.

The Warrant Officer shrugged before speaking rather calmly, "They must've somehow got the generators back online. Next time I'll be more thorough... Any ideas?"

The lieutenant hesitates before finally speaking, "I got a few... Yeah! Just... Just follow my lead." The lieutenant distances himself from the pillar just enough to sight in through his scope, before being forced tight against the pillar by an onslaught of gunfire. "You've got to be kidding me."

Suddenly the large steel door that previously laid dormant burst open accompanied by a hail of gunfire and an all too familiar face. He shouts, "Christmas must've come early cause I got a bullet with all y'all names on em." To the lieutenant's surprised Holden was holding the M41 Light Anti-Aircraft Gun, otherwise known as a turret, as he began to let loose a barrage of bullets. The smart guards quickly ducked for covered under the hail of such overwhelming firepower the others where mowed down like lawn gnomes. "Was that part of your plan?"

"Hell no!" Lt. Miles yells, "But I ain't complaining!" With suppressing fire on their side he and Warrant Officer Radd were now able to sight in and aim accurately. But not before they each hurled a frag grenade up and into the enemy position. The guards left their cover at an utmost pace leaving themselves open to be picked off by the combined and incredible accurate marksmanship of both the former members of Project Challenger. One by one the guards began to fall. Suddenly a guard emerges with a rocket launcher in hand, an all too excited trooper on the turret in his sights. The Lt. Miles takes note of this, knowing that if he shoots the guard it might cause him to jerk the trigger meaning almost certain death for his comrade. Immediately the lieutenant sights in, and for an instant it appears as if time has stop, as Lt. Miles enters a state of hyper awareness. A blue shimmer echos around his pupil as he fired. As the rocket leaves the weapon, it was simultaneously ripped apart by three rounds from the lieutenant's battle rifle. The rocket blows up right in the guard's face sending him flying back dazed to be the point of being unconscious. The rocket launcher is thrown through the air and lands in the middle of the battlefield. After that it took no time at all for the troopers to put down the rest of the guards. "Radd find me someone who's still conscious enough to talk. See if he knows where we can find Dexen." The lieutenant exclaimed as he made his way towards Holden.

"Look here Commander!" Holden laughed carrying the turret with both hands. "Gots myself a new baby girl. I think I'll call her Charity."

"Charity huh?" Lt. Miles smiles, he had forgotten how incredibly strong Holden was, he was the only guy he'd ever seen to arm wrestle a spartan to a stand still even if it was right after she just finished flipping an upside down warthog. "Well tell Charity she has my thanks. And speaking of Charity, mind telling me where she come

from?"

"You see that metal door." Holden explained motioning towards the door. "That there is where they keep the possessions of the convicts in this place, somebody must have used his 2nd amendment rights to hold on to a fire arm or two. Lucky us huh?"

"Are... Are you serious?"

"Nah, I'm just pulling your chain. First time I've laid eyes on that place same as you." Holden laughed, "It's an armory I'm guessing. Surprisingly empty thou. I don't know what they could have done with all them weapons. They didn't give them to those guards that's for sure."

\_Bang!\_

A loud bang crosses the room reaching the ears of the two troopers, they move towards its origin only to find Warrant Officer Radd violently thrashing one of the guards against a wall, it was the one that fired the rocket only moments before. he speaks firmly, "Where's Dexen! Talk!" The guard spits into the Warrant Officer's visor, then presents his blood covered teeth with a smile. Radd says nothing, he brutally throws the guard to the ground before pulling out his combat knife. The guards attempts to crawl away slowly at the Phantom's approach. Quickly Lt. Miles place both hands on the Warrant Officer's chest telling him to cool down for a moment.

Lt. Miles looks at the guard holding himself upright on the floor, looking as uncooperative as ever, he huffed before finally moving to confront him. He held the guard up by his chest plate and then said, "Just so you know the UNSC is already on its way, You're buddy Dexen is going to be going away for a long time. Are you..." the lieutenant could see that the guard was trying to accumulate saliva within his mouth, more than likely to give him the same treatment he gave the warrant officer only moments before. With no hesitation the lieutenant slammed the man's head into the cold metal floor causing a loud crushing sound, before continuing to speak, "Try that again and you'll find out real quick that I'm not as nice as the Warrant Officer over there." The guard's face scrunches up in anger. "You're pretty loyal for some guy who's just in it for a paycheck. Is that prick Dexen really worth your life?" the lieutenant forced a laugh as he continued, "Why go through this for a guy like him, you know he doesn't respect you, he doesn't even like you. Why keep working for him?" Lt. Miles use one hand to casually point towards a security camera on the far wall while pulling out his pistol with the other, "The powers back on right, I can promise you that Dexen been watching us entire time. He sees you now, clear as day: weak, bleeding, being held at gunpoint, half of your buddies: either dead or in the process of dieing... And he won't do a damn thing to help you." The blind faith in the young guard's eye slowly begins to fade replaced with doubt and confusion. "That slaver's going away for a long time, I can promise you that... But you don't have to. Just tell us where Dexen is and I promise you I'll do what I can to make sure you don't share his fate."

With uncertainty now consuming his very being more than ever he slowly points to the door just beyond their man-made barricade. "Thanks kid, see was that so hard." Quickly the lieutenant slammed the butt of his pistol into the guards forehead knocking him



senseless.

"You were too lenient." Warrant Officer Radd stated.

"We got what we needed." Lt. Miles explained.

"You've gone soft. Never bargain, take what you need by any means necessary. You know that better than anyone!"

"I didn't get rough with him; because I didn't have to?" The Lieutenant snapped, entering into Warrant Officer Radd personal space. "And... if I don't know better I'd say your tone was bordering on insubordination. Now... I hope I'm mistaken warrant officer."

Warrant Officer Radd finally responds after an elongated silence,  
"No problems here Sir."

\_Boom!\_

Without warning a fiery explosion and a huge gaping hole appeared right where the security door used to be. Miles and Radd examine the breach then move their eyes to its only origin, only to see an overjoyed Corporal Holden with a huge smile on his face and a freshly fired Rocket Launcher in his grasp. "Sorry Fellas, couldn't resist."

\*\*[\*\*Play Zack Hemsey The Way (instrumental) on You Tube\*\*]\*\*

The troopers walk through the entrance, the light from the room behind them echoing into the darkness before them. In the room was a pitch blackness making all but a single desk illuminated by lamp light visible to the naked eye, everything else seemed insignificant. At the desk sat the detestable man that was the cause of so much frustration and sorrow, a serious frown upon his face. The lieutenant approaches him slowly, sure that the two marines behind him would have his back. Quickly he pulls out his pistol, its barrel pointing at Dexen pinning him to his seat. He speaks, "It's Over Dexen. Just give up and come quietly." a sharp click is heard as the lieutenant set his weapon to fire. "Or don't... and give me a reason to put a bullet in your brain."

"I'm sure you must find this all very ironic lieutenant." Dexen chuckles, "While trying to capture you and Phantom, you and your little friends have managed to cost me millions in damages."

"Whoops." the lieutenant smiled.

"Whoops indeed." Dexen leaned back in his chair and poured himself a glass of what was more than likely some kind of liquor. "Well you made it this far, now what? Tell me, do you plan to kill me?"

"Do you really think I'd just kill you after all you've done? I'd rather see you crucified."

"I see... I'm familiar with this game lieutenant what is it that you want? Is it money? Is that why you're doing this? Just tell me your price and we can make it as if this entire situation never happened."

"All the money in the world won't make this problem go away Dexen."

"Who in the hell gave you the right to play god! I may not be perfect but look at you... we both end lives for money. What's the difference?"

"You're a heartless slaver that see everyone and everything as your next paycheck, even children. What kind of monster tries to breed children and sell them off like cattle? You wanna know the difference between us? I'm the Marine with the gun to your head. Right now that's the only difference that matters."

"Ah yes the children... It appears you've been busy lieutenant. If it makes you feel any better I show no favoritism no matter how fond of a child I became. I remember the most adorable little girl, Caucasian, she had brilliant brown hair and the most beautiful hazel green eye in the galaxy..." Dexen chuckles as he flips a hidden switch beneath his desk, causing the lights of the room to turn on revealing dozens of prisoners in orange jumpsuits armed with assault rifle, sub-machine guns, among other weapons. "I sold her off just like the rest, I even managed to charge a little extra for emotional distress."

"Damn it." said the lieutenant hesitant to move a single muscle for fear of the possible rain of gunfire that might follow. The troopers were completely surrounded, and all out of tricks. There were prisoners everywhere. Knowing his death could be mere seconds away Lt. Miles finger tensed up on the trigger, if nothing else he knew he at least had to put Dexen down.

"Last chance lieutenant. If your going to shot me now will be your only opportunity, you won't get another."

Lt. Miles began to grit his teeth, more than anything he waited to pull the trigger and he didn't fear death. In fact he had come to terms with death some time ago. However, he wasn't okay with sentencing his teammates to an early grave just because he had an itchy trigger finger. He was always told that it was simple complete the objective, eliminate the target, that's what he was trained to do. As things were, they were all at death door anyway, at least this way they would drag him to hell along with them. No. At the back of his mind the lieutenant hoped for an escape, or at the very least a way to save his subordinates. He knew it was naive and even a little selfish, but it didn't matter, he knew he wouldn't pull the trigger.

"You can't do it, can you?" Dexen smiles, "Somebody help the lieutenant along in meeting whatever god he takes an interest in worshiping." A prisoner steps forward and faces the lieutenant, a magnum resting at his side. There was nothing special about this prisoner he was a black man with corn rolls, facial hair and a mean expression on his face. Lt. Miles pistol stayed on Dexen, however his eyes followed the man. Quickly Radd and Holden turned their weapons on the man waiting for him to try anything that looked remotely threatening. "See people are all the same, wave a little money in their faces and they'll give up anything." Dexen grins, "Even their own humanity."

The man slowly moved the magnum over to Dexen desk, resting it right in front of the still grinning slaver. He speaks, "You got us twisted homie... We're not gonna be your monkeys... You gotta put your own work in round here." Dexen expression turns to one of disbelief, before cracking a smile.

"Are you serious?" Dexen laughed as he point to another prisoner, this one was a woman holding an assault, "You, execute these fools, and whatever I offer you before, I'll double it." Radd quickly puts her in his line of fire. She looks to her fellow prisoners and then back to Dexen, she hesitates for a moment and then lays her weapon on the ground before putting his hands up indicating surrender. Dexen laughter stops as his smile begins to grow faint as he continued his deplorable bargaining attempt. He points to another prisoner, they then lay down their arms, he points to another, and they do the same, and then another and another. Unable to control himself he stands and begins to raged, "Double! Triple! Quadruple! Imbeciles! Don't you know who I am? I own you!" Throwing his glass against a far wall, the clicking and clacking of weapons hitting the ground continued which only served to add fuel to the slaver's searing flame, "I'm worth more than all of you combined, I could kill all of you and no one would give a damn." Quickly he reaches for the magnum resting on his desk, only to have a round pierce his shoulder, the force of the impact cause him to stumble for a moment. He regains his footing then begins hysterically searching for the culprit. Ending his search on the trooper that started it all. With furious eyes he yells "You! You did this!"

"That one was for Chambers." Lt. Miles frowned.

"Commander." Lucy voice could be heard over the communication system, "Just got word, The UNSC is five minutes out."

"That's faster than I expected." Lt. Miles stated plainly.

"We are still in the Sol system remember." Lucy exclaims, "On a galactic scale this place is only a hop skip and a jump away from Earth."

Suddenly the prisoner who previously placed the pistol on Dexen's desk reclaims it and points it at disheartened slaver, "Ah Marine, make sure you get those children to a safe place alright. We'll make sure this son of a bitch stays out of trouble til you get back, you got me."

"Yeh I got you." The lieutenant hesitates for a moment before holstering his pistol, "But, I hate mop up jobs so try not to have him in too many pieces when we get back."

The man smiles, "I gotchu."

Lt. Miles turns his back to the slaver and proceeds to randevu with the incoming UNSC forces, Dexen grabs he shoulder violently trying to stop any further blood lost he cries, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Don't you walk away from me! Nightmare!"

"You created this hellhole, now it's your turn to burn in it."

**\*\*One Hour Later In the Docking Area\*\***

"That's kid's something else." Chambers smiled removing her helmet, "Clearing out the docks by himself like that."

"Gideon? Yeh.. Pretty impressive." the lieutenant replied fairly confident that there was more to their newest member that meets the eye.

"By the way, I did like you asked?" Chambers said brushing her hair out of face, "Apparently those kids were pretty good at getting into places they're weren't suppose to be, made gathering up that data child's play... No pun intended."

Lt. Miles shook his head before asking plainly, "What'd you find?"

"Everything you'd expect." Chambers explained, "Records of trading partners, possible victims, money wiring information. Apparently he's been at this for decades, guess he never thought someone would make it this far behind enemy lines. We have everything the courts will need to get a conviction. But... There was one more thing..."

"What's that?"

"Dexen's going down regardless so it probably doesn't matter." Chambers sighed, "While I was recovering the data there was a program running that was deleting files faster than I could recover them."

"It was probably just Dexen trying to cover his tracks."

"That's what I thought too." Chambers continued, "But the program was created with the purpose of only deleting files that were created before January 1st 2534. In other words..."

"In other words..." The lieutenant added, "Somebody wanted us to have enough information to put Dexen behind bars, while covering their tracks in the process. 2534. Almost 20 years ago, exactly." Chambers nodded

"Commander look, Dexen." Chambers exclaims with contempt in her voice.

Handcuffed and being escort by a UNSC Marine was Dexen. The bullet wound in his shoulder was covered by a thick bandage, however he had one or two more visible bruises on the face than the lieutenant recalled causing him to smile. The former slavers gaze made it's way to the lieutenant causing fury to overtake his face, but then something rather unexpected happened. As his gaze moved away from the lieutenant towards his Staff Sergeant a look of confusion took hold of his face followed by an unsettling grin. Finally full blown laughter erupted.

\_'I remember the most adorable little girl, Caucasian, she had brilliant brown hair and the most beautiful hazel green eye in the galaxy...I sold her off just like the rest.'\_

"What was that about?" Chambers asked curiously.

Lt. Miles paused for a moment before finally saying, "Don't worry

about it... It's probably nothing."

## 10. Ch 9 AESIR

Legend:

**\*\*Bold- Scene Transition\*\***

*\_Italics- Sounds\_*

'Thoughts'- '...'

**\*\*Chapter 9\*\***

**\*\*\*\*AESIR\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*September 17, 2554\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*21:00 Hours, Earth Time\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Ship: Midnight Enforcer; Chow Hall\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*ODST Spec Ops Unit, November Six, aka Nova Team\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Status: On Standby Awaiting Orders\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*Location: Saturn's Orbit, Sol System\*\*\*\***

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo 3: ODST Overture on You Tube\*\*]\*\***

The chow hall is alive with a delicious aroma and chatter as the ODSTs of Nova Team, although somewhat worn from their most recent battles, reveled in their victory. The sound of their cheers and laughter easily drowned out the voices of the ONI personal stationed on the ship. All were gathered at one table: Staff Sergeant Kristen Chambers, Sergeant Jesus Moreno, Corporal Nickolus Holden, Lance Corporal Adam Gideon, and their Commander First Lieutenant Trent Miles.

They laugh vigorously as Holden continues his tale of how he manage to escape from captivity back at the prison, He continues a smile ever-present on his face, "I used my super slick acting skills and pretended to be unconscious, then when he turned he back, I grabbed hold of the some bitches grenades pins and yanked. Fella took off runnin and screamin, I've seen a fella run so fast sense I saw one of them grunts bounce a grenade off a wall and stick itself."

"Alright Holden it was a good story and all, but I'm going to have to call you out on your bullshit." Chambers said still laughing, "I saw that explosion! No way a couple grenades could set off a burst like that."

"Ah, but that explosion was only one of many." Holden began to explained.

"Forget the explosion." Moreno laughed pointing to Cpl. Holden, "Why are you wearing your combat gear companero?" While the other trooper were enjoying the little R&R that they had been given in their more comfortable black and gray sweatsuit attire with the ODST's insignia

over the left breast, Holden decided to take it upon himself to come to the chow hall in the full set of ODST armor he had been issued from the ship's armory. "You look more moto than the other boot on the squad."

"Hey, can you blame a fella." Holden smiled, "After all I did just get my rank reinstated and the paychecks that come with it. That Director guy ain't so bad."

"Moto? Yeah right." Chamber interjected, "This coming from the guy who didn't even show up to his own promotion ceremony. You remember that don't you Sergeant?"

"Sergeant?" Holden said as he look to the other for some clue as to what she was talking about, only to find condescending eyes glaring at him.

"Don't even bother chica, he's hopeless." Moreno sighed.

"Woh, woh, woh, don't tell me you don't remember." Chambers exclaimed, she could see the unwavering bewildered look in his face, she sighed before beginning to explain, "Okay... remember back when you and Moreno were getting out at the end of the war?" Holden nods, "The UNSC decided to promote you both so you both could retire as Sergeants."

"You serious?" Holden shouted hoping out of his seat.

"The UNSC does stuff like that all the time." Lt. Miles explained, "Its mostly so some of their more decorated troopers have something else to brag about when they finally get to go back home. When you get out it's not like your rank means anything anymore so no one gives a shit."

"I think its starting to come back to me." Holden exclaimed, "But it's still a bit fuzzy."

"Probably because when they found you after the ceremony were passed out drunk in a puddle of your own fluids." Chambers began to chuckle, "Then when they tried to give you a formal counseling you flipped off everyone in the room and then stormed off. You're just lucky you didn't lose any rank, they probably wanted you outta their hair more than they wanted to court marshal you."

Suddenly a voice echoed over the ship's intercom, it was Lucy, "Lieutenant Miles, the Director would like to speak would like to speak to you now. Lieutenant Miles, the Director would like to speak would like to speak to you now." She kept repeating that same line over and over as if it were some kind of recording. The lieutenant knew she was intentionally trying to get under his skin possibly to get him to pick up the pace, or maybe as her own subtle attempt at payback for what he had said back on HAVOC.

He decided not to let it get to him as he began to move, "Don't wait up on for me." Lt. Miles smirked, walking towards his quarters, "I got some big kid officer like stuff to take care of."

As the lieutenant's left the room Holden's eyes fell upon the newly inducted rookie of Nova team Lcpl Gideon. Holden gave him a nod followed by a somewhat awkward, "Howdy fella?" upon getting nothing

in response except an empty headed yet innocent shoulder shrug, Holden turn to Moreno and Chambers and whispered, "This kid is quieter than a church mouse." They could only nod in agreement.

**\*\*In the Commander's Private \*\*\*\*Quarters\*\***

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo 3: ODST The Office of Naval Intelligence on YouTube\*\*]\*\***

"Lieutenant. Just got the report from Lucy." The Director exclaims over the two-way communication monitor located exclusively in Lt. Miles' private quarters "Not only did you successfully extract Cpl Holden but you also managed put an end to Dexen's... extracurricular activities, saving several young lives in the process. You should be proud."

"Cut the act!" the lieutenant stated aggressively, "You set us up and you had better have a damn good reason for it."

The Director frowns, "You have me at a lost lieutenant."

"Playing dumb huh? Well let me enlighten you. We were able to recover data from Dexen's database before we pulled out. Apparently he was able to hack into your systems and recover just about everything you had on Project Challenger. According to Lucy, Dexen didn't have to resources to get passed an O.N.I. cybernetic security system. So either you leaked him the information or you knew the information was taken and just refused to tell us about it."

"Very perceptive. But, how quickly we forget if it wasn't for a certain someone's divine intervention those lives that you saved would still be crying out somewhere in the vastness of space with no one to hear their cries."

"Son of a bitch. You knew... you knew what he was doing and you still worked with the bastard."

"If used properly Dexen's resources could have been invaluable to ensuring the survival of humanity. However, with the end of the Great War he began to grow overly confident, he began to act out against the interests of humanity in more ways than one, believing himself untouchable. He was mistaken."

"So you used me to clean up your mess.? the lieutenant paused, "To teach Dexen some kind of a lesson? Is that it?"

"If you must know Dexen's removal wasn't even important enough to be considered a secondary objective, that's why it was intentionally left it out of the mission briefing. Don't over think it lieutenant. It's true, I leaked the information, because I knew how how Dexen would react and I knew that you would retaliate, however, That's where my role ended.", The two shared a moment of silent before the Director continued, "Lets say I didn't intervene and you instead discovered Dexen's activities under some other circumstance, could you say with absolute certainty that you wouldn't have reacted the very same way."

"I don't know... Maybe... But, this isn't just some game where you move people around like chess pieces, your dealing with real people that have real lives. Just remember that, when the day comes that

things don't go as planned."

"Indeed... I believe the time has come to discuss the real reason I contacted you."

"You mean it wasn't to say sorry?"

"Its Catherine Armin, we had been tracking her movements in the outer colonies, until she managed to give our men the slip, we continued our pursuits, but it seems as if she'd disappeared off the face of the galaxy. She's a clever one. Only recently have we been able to track her down, latest Intel confirms she been seen popping up on Earth of all places. Commander it looks like you're headed back to â€"

**\*\*In route to the Chow Hall\*\***

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo 3: ODST Deference for Darkness on You Tube\*\*]\*\***

"Hey Forge wait up." Chambers yells from across the way, she tried to move as casually as possible, she wanted to talk to him about what had happened on Havoc, however the questionable look on his face gave her pause. He turns to her, "Ah, the team's still in the mess hall downing a few drinks, you comin'?" she smiled trying to convince herself that was the real reason she had been searching for him.

He meets her gaze with a weak smile, "Sorry gonna have to take a rain check. Just got word from the top.", he stated "0400 tomorrow morning we're suppose to launch an operation to meet up with Armin." he starts to turn away before Chambers' voice grabs his attention yet again.

"Where we headed?" She says calling out to him, he continues walking as if he didn't hear her. She considered letting him go without reply, but her duties as Staff Non-commission Officer in-charges and her responsibility to her fellow troopers would not allow her to do so. "Commander." she said calmly, "We're risking our lives out there, same as you... We deserve to know."

He turned towards her, until he was partially facing her, he huffed before he finally speaking, "We're dropping into New Mombasa."

"New Mombasa?" Chamber said as her eyes grew wide, "What the hell is she doing there? I mean that's the last place I'd expect her to be."

"Don't know." Lt. Miles says turning his back to her, "Doesn't matter. All I care about now is getting Nova back up to full strength." He huffs before walking off, "Tell the Helljumpers to get some rest, we've got a busy day tomorrow Staff Sergeant."

Just then an all to familiar AI appeared on the external ports conveniently located beside the two troopers. "Forge..." Chambers starts, "No one blames you for what happened back in New Mombasa." the lieutenant partially turns his head to her and nods before walking off. Lucy eyes jump from trooper to trooper confident that she had missed a very significant part of the conversation, as her mind began to wonder what that could have been, a voice snatches her attention.



"Lucy?" Chambers asked startling the AI "What do you need?"

"Oh yes! Of course! Let's see here... I forwarded you all the official mission briefing for tomorrow's operation." Lucy started, "The only thing is, I was suppose to meet up with the Commander to see if there was any additional information he needed me to pass on to the rest of the team."

"I've got a feeling the Commander gonna be out for the rest of the night."

"What! How am I suppose to... He's making it very difficult to do the job that 'he' gave me."

"Don't sweat it. I'll take care of that" Chambers exclaimed reassuring her. "Lucy, would you mind telling me what you can about New Mombasa. Last I heard things weren't looking too hot down there."

Lucy smiles, "That's the understatement of the year."

"That bad huh?"

"Bad? Try Disastrous. The UNSC and AESIR have basically turned the city is a Warzone."

"AESIR I've heard of them, some terrorist group that's emerged after the end of the war. Supposedly They've been using the people's lingering fear of the Covenant to try and spread their agenda. But I thought they only had a foothold in the outer colonies."

Lucy nods, "That's partially true. While AESIR does use the people's fear of the Covenant to further it's goals, I'd hardly call it terrorism. That Organization, if you wanna call it that, offers aid: financial and otherwise, to the territories that were hit hardest during the Covenant offensive and all they ask for in return is for the populous to renounces all ties with the Unified Earth Government and the UNSC. Once the territory agrees they get access to the full array of benefits that comes from being under the protection of AESIR. From there all the organization has to do is say that it will protect its territories by any means necessary and they basically give themselves a reason to point their guns at everyone even the UNSC. As for why they're on Earth... New Mombasa was hit pretty hard, I can only assume that they wanna have a foothold on Earth sooner rather than later. But we all know the UNSC can't just let them do as they please so..."

Chambers looks out the window at the array of colors emitted by the giant golden sphere large enough to engulf the Earth a thousand times over. The massive ball orbited by many moons, and surrounded by splendid rings of icy bits and rolling boulders refracting the rays of the sun in just the right way to leave a person breathless. Sights like this were almost enough to make a person forget. "So, Earth is a battlefield again."

They share a moment of silence, before Lucy speaks, "New Mombasa has changed a lot sense the last time you were there, if you're not careful you could lose a lot more than just a trooper..."

Then is a long silence before Chambers finally responses in a tone

that is neither loud or anger, however is somehow threatening, "Shut up." Chambers says in a somber tone, "You don't have the right to talk about the death of one of our comrades so casually."

Lucy reevaluate the situation, thinking that she must have offended the ODSF in some way. She quickly apologizes, "I'm sorry Staff Sergeant Chambers, I meant no disrespect. I only meant..."

"Staff Sergeant Chambers!" Chambers burst into laughter, "Someone flip your formality switch on or something!" She steadily regains her composure as she continues to talk, "I don't want your apology Lucy. The words of an someone who doesn't know what it's like to lose a friend on the battlefield isn't worth a damn anyways... We're Orbital Drop Shock Troopers; we're suppose to be the best of the best, warriors, helljumpers. We know exactly what's on the line each time we plunge feet first into hell: our lives, our planet, our future. With all these fancy titles and all those important things on the line you'd think it'd make losing a trooper that much easier... It doesn't."

Lucy mimics Chambers as they both gaze dreamingly at the beauty of the planet below. "The trooper who died... What kind of person was he?"

"Lance Corporal Luke Katrina." Chambers smiles acknowledging Lucy attempt to gain some understanding, "An NCO's nightmare: overconfident and shallow; the first one to take the credit when things are looking up and the last to fess up when shit hits the fan."

"Okay... I'm assuming there's a 'but' somewhere at the end of all this."

"But..." Chambers smiles, "He was still an ODSF. And, he could put em up with the best of em. A real Marine. This team; it has away of coming together when the situation really calls for it, we bring out the best of each other in a way that I've never experience before or sense. And when Katrina died, I don't know, I guess it kinda felt like he took part of that with him ya know." Chambers let out a weak chuckle, "Look at me rambling on like some old veteran going on about the good old days."

"So I take it, the Commander blames himself for losing such an important piece of the puzzle?"

"Heard that did ya? Ah Forge is just being an idiot! After we lost Lt. Hawkins back on Reach the team was in a tough spot. New Mombasa was just the final nail in the coffin."

"You don't believe it was his fault do you?"

"I know it wasn't his fault, because I was the one responsible for that operation. He gave me a suggestion and I went with it. But, at the end of the day it was my call to make." She paused, "Not too long after the team was extracted from Reach, we got orders to intercept the Covenant in Mazeras, a city to the northwest of New Mombasa."

"The Covenant were in Mazeras?"

Chambers nods, "The Covenant were dropping troops all over the place,

probably have the UNSC looking through fox holes. Turns out we were pretty lucky, apparently right after we hit dirt a Covenant carrier jumped into slipspace while in orbit, the distortion created an EMP causing almost all the troopers that were suppose to take out that ship and reinforce the city to fall into the sea, from that point on we knew there would be no reinforcements.

"No pressure or anything."

"But it didn't matter, we had our orders. And with Hawkins gone, November Six needed a leader and according to the chain of command protocols of the UNSC the next in line was lil old Sergeant Chambers."

"Sounds like you had some pretty big boots to fill."

Chamber nods, "This all happened before those two got commissioned as officers, so I had the highest rank on the squad. But, on a battlefield rank doesn't mean anything if you can't keep your people alive. I know I talk a big game and all, but the fact of the matter is I'm a medic, I specialize in treatment not badassery . Most of Nova team has way more combat experience than I do. That's why when Nova was placed under my command I found myself heavily relying on the others, especially Forge." Chambers placed her back against the far wall staring helplessly at the star sprinkled blackness of space, shame ever-present in her eyes. Suddenly in Lucy voice Chambers hears a tone of tenderness and care, much like that of a loving mother.

"You want his forgiveness, don't you?"

"Forgive me?" Chambers thought for a moment, her face flustered, as she gently allowed her body to slide down the wall to the floor, Chambers raged, "Ah! I'd be satisfied if he would at least blame me! but I can't even get him to do that."

**\*\*In the Commander's Private \*\*\*\*Quarters\*\***

Lt. Miles lay on the cold fabric of his bunk, a pair of chrome dog tags in his hand. The dim lighting of the room was soothing, however the storm of thoughts and emotions in his mind easily overpowered the peaceful atmosphere of the room. The lieutenant held out one of the tags up to his eye and read, "Katrina... What is she thinking? is Armin really working with AESIR?"

\* \* \*

><p>AN: Hey guys I know its been awhile sense I've updated, Now I'm trying to stick to a once a month schedule. Maybe two if I'm really hyped about what's going on. I'd like to thank all of you that have followed up until now, you guys keep me going.

11. Ch 10 New Mombasa

**\_\*\*\*\*Chapter 10\*\*\*\*\_**

**\*\*\*\*New Mombasa\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*October 20, 2552\*\*\*\***

\*\*\*\*13:40 Hours, Earth time\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Mazeras\*\*\*\*\*, Republic of Kenya\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*ODST Spec Ops Unit, November Six, aka Nova Team\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Status: Currently engaged in hostel controlled territory\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Location: Kenya National Library, Earth\*\*\*\*

\*\*[\*\*Play We Be Defenders By:Mark Petrie on You Tube\*\*]\*\*

The city of Mazeras was a beaten down husk of its former greatness from hours upon hours of constant battle. Buildings were collapsing down to their foundation and those that weren't were being chipped away piece by piece covering the dirt roads of the city with tatters of blocks of cement and concrete, small flowers of inferno bloomed all throughout the landscape. The sky in all its former beauty was now tainted with smoke, plasma fire and enemy aircrafts. When the Covenant first arrived the local army was dispatched in effort to give the citizens time to evacuate, however the Covenant quickly overwhelmed them, they quickly realized they were no match for the power of the Covenant forces and were soon forced back into a corner where they could do little to assist their people in evacuating. Some citizens would choose to ignore the evacuation order believing their home more important than their lives. After the army was pushed back, these people would mount a desperate and inevitably futile resistance that lasted less than a few hours. Finally at 0647 October 20, 2552 the UNSC was able to dispatch three squads of ODST to reinforce their lines and aid in pushing the Covenant out.

"Those bastards got a barricade up ahead!" Chamber shouted, "Ah, Hot Head, find Forge you and him are gonna close the gap and take the library."

"You got it Sergeant!" Katrina replied as he begins searching hastily for Corporal Miles, "Get the lead out Forge!" When he finally found him he was pulling his knife out of the neck of a nearby grunt, the grunts fluids squirt from its neck as he does. "Forge!" he calls out to him "We're moving! It's you and me."

"You can't be serious." Forge replies sarcastically sheathing his knife, "You better stay close to me wouldn't want u getting lost on the way there."

"What was that?" Katrina yelled running ahead, firing her Silenced SMG as he moved, "I can't hear you from back there."

"Slow down Katrina!" Forge exclaims chasing after him, "You need someone on your six, get back here." Forge's words fell on deaf ears as he continued his attack. "Damn it."

"Die Covenant bastards." Katrina yells mowing down half a dozen grunts before stopping behind a block of stone rubble to reload. As he pulled the new magazine from it's pouch a great force pushed the stone debris he was hiding behind narrowly crushing him, and causing him to hop away as quickly as possible making him to drop the magazine in his grasp. That's when she saw him a brute towering over

the block of rubble he was taking refuge behind only moments before, he stood at least seven feet tall deck in blue armor, the gravity hammer glistening in his grasp. The young Lance Corporal quickly reached for his downed magazine, but the brute was too fast. He quickly used his hammer to smash the magazine making it little more than a worthless hunk of metal. Katrina quickly retreated his hand for fear that it too would meet the same fate.

As the brute moves in fast looking to deliver a killing blow he is struck in the chest by a barrage of gunfire. How long was it one second or two, thirty? Or an hour... it seemed as if the brute was taking on bullets for an eternity. When the bullets finally stopped the brute's power armor was in tatters, and the holes in his body were many and bloody. The brute starts to let out a cry only to finally be drop with a well aimed shot to the head.

"Thanks Corporal." Katrina sighed in relief.

"Corporal huh?" a female voice replied, "I figured you'd be the last person to be able to authorize a promotion in the field."

"if it ain't PFC Armin? Hey there sugar lips you here to watch me slay some covenant bodies?"

"If by watch you actually save your candy ass, then yeah that's it exactly."

"Oh please, I had it all under control." Armin picks up his crushed magazine off the ground and tosses it casually in his general direction, "... mostly under control. Ah, is there a reason you're here?"

"Cpl Miles told me to back you up, and good thing he did if I didn't get here when I did you'd be a pancake."

"You just gave me a little cover... A lot of cover. How'd you lay down so much fire anyway?"

"Dual wielded Sub-machine Guns. Everyone tells me, these were Lt. Hawkins' favorite too. Sorry, it's not like I'm trying to replace her or anything. but ya know I know if she were still here then I wouldn't be so..."

"You listen here all of us: Sgt. Chambers, Cpl. Moreno even Cpl Holden, all of us are family. And the moment you put on that uniform you became family too."

"I'm not so sure Lt. Hawkins would see it that way."

"Really" Katrina chuckled, "That'd be pretty strange seeing as she's the one that taught us that."

"Thanks Lance Corporal." Armin said smiling to herself a little.

"Don't mention it." Said the marine quickly trying to change the subject, "That was quite a head shot at the end there, hit him square between the eyes."

"Head shot? I wasn't aiming for the..."

"If you two are done flirting?" Corporal Miles shouts in a somewhat irritated tone, "We can finish clearing out the rest of this building like we were ordered to."

"Aye Corporal" Armin quickly acknowledges and moves forward.

"Cpl Miles why you always have to mess up my game?"

"On your own time Katrina, not mine."

"Corporal... the rank is all I need, its in the bag."

"Wha... What's that even mean?"

"Well... she looks up to me."

Cpl. Miles smiles, "ya know there is a difference between looks up to and looks after right?"

"Real funny."

\_2 Hours Later\_

\*\*[\*\*Play The Menagerie Halo 3 ODST on You Tube\*\*]\*\*

The troopers of nova team stand together in a tight nit corner of the library. "This ain't good." Sgt. Chambers explains, "Even though it's been pretty much conformed that the Covenant's true target is in New Mombasa They're still doing whatever they can to make sure no one in this city gets out alive. We've got several dozen citizen at this location with no way to evac we'll have to create an opening for them to escape, I need ideas and I need them now."

"There's an emergency escape route in the underground railway." Moreno starts the decision "Its not ideal but something, we could escort them there."

"Its not a bad plan." Cpl Miles interjects, "But we could encounter too many enemies along the way and civilian causalities would be too high."

"Well Forge, if you've got a better idea I'd love to hear it." Chamber asked.

"We split into two teams. Team A clears the path to the railway of covenant forces while team B stays back and holds down the fort. Simple but effective."

"I see what your getting at? But how do we determine who stays back."

"Moreno, Katrina, and Armin should stay back while the rest of us push our way to the railway."

"What? Why them?"

"Moreno's at his best when he's given a single location to defend, as for the two boots, I've been keeping an eye on them they're ready for this."

Sgt. Chambers nods. They calculate the amount of ammo and supplies need for the team A to clear the way to the railroad. Followed quickly by giving Cpl Moreno all the locational information they have available for him to be an effective sniper and lead the two young troopers. Once everyone had a decent understanding of the situation and the condition of their gear they set off, only one looks back.

"You're worried about them aren't you?" Sgt. Chamber says to Cpl. Miles noticing his misplaced attention. "Tell me the truth, Why'd you want them to stay back?"

"If we make it through this..." Cpl Miles says slowly, "When we make it through this. There might be a chance for those two to live something similar to normal lives. I'd hate for them to ruin it by getting themselves killed."

"Forge... they're trained Trooper just like you and me. You giving them the royal treatment isn't doing them any favors."

"You're probably right Sergeant. Favors or no, I meant what I said... They're ready for this."

"I hope your right." Sgt. Chambers smiles giving her Corporal one big slap on the back, "Now lets get moving."

The Corporal nods and follows after her, looking back only once more.

"I hope so too."

\_Team B's Location- Kenya National Library\_

"I'm heading up top. You two guard the parameter I don't want anyone getting in or out without my say so, comprenda" Cpl Moreno instructs.

"Got it Corporal" Katrina replies waiting for the Corporal to leave his line of sight. Quickly the young trooper removed his helmet and let out a fairly large sigh of relief. Revealing his Caucasian and yet slightly tan face with dark brown hair trimmed into a middle fade.

"What in the world do you think your doing?" Armin says in moderate protest. "Cpl Moreno told us to guard the parameter, you can relax on your own time."

"Huh? I would have guess a college girl like you would be a lot better at thinking for herself." Katrina interjected, "Besides we cleared out a couple city blocks worth of those Covenant bastards, they've probably running back to whatever cocoon they crawled out of."

"Cocoon really?" Armin smiled as she too removed her helmet, "They maybe are enemies right now, but you can at least give them some degree of respect." Under her helmet was innocent looking girl one would swear had never witnessed the perils of the battlefield. She had dark red hear that had been slicked back and patched tight for the purposes of fitting into her helmet, however one or two slips of

hair managed to break free from the herd and dangle gently in front of her face. Her light brown eyes shone with the light of irreproachable purity. So much so that Katrina had to reassure himself that this was indeed the person to whom he was so frustrated with.

"Respect. Mhmm." Katrina said shaking in frustration, "Now, what was that shiny degree you gave up four years of your life to get? Linguistics? Y'know what it doesn't matter. Tell me sense you seem to know so much, tell me, is respect going to bring back my family, how much respect is it gonna to take to speak with my friends one more time. Is respect gonna make my planet livable again. Is it! Cause if its not you can take that shit and send it right back where it came from."

"You know that's not what I meant..." Armin says as she stop to think for a moment. The words leave her lips, "Your were from Reach, weren't you?... I'm sorry."

"Sorry you say..." Katrina looked away as if showing just how worthless that word was to him. Listen up cause apparently they didn't beat it into you hard enough back the academy. Right now the only thing standing between humanity and extinction is you. Me. Some rifles... And a couple died covenant A.. Holes. And no fancy diploma is gonna make that any less true."

"Katrina" Armin paused, "This war isn't going to last forever... And like it or not we're gonna have to find common ground eventually. And when it does the world will need people like me to bridge the caps of communication."

"You sound pretty confidence, just how many languages you locked away in that head of your's."

"I'm fluent in Sangheili and am currently working on my Jiralhanae." Armin boasted.

"So like in English... What would that mean?"

"I speak Elite and a little bit of brute" Armin clarified, "I heard there are devices that allowed to understand the languages of the alien race with no training or anything although I've never seen it. With inventions like that to help bridge the gap a peaceful conclusion to this war can't be to far off."

"Do you really believe that? You know... You you'd be a lot more attractive if you didn't talk?"

"What was that?" Armin snapped.

**\*\*[\*\*Play Halo Reach- Ashes on You Tube\*\*]\*\***

Suddenly," This is Cpl Moreno, We've got enemy movement!" Sudden the foundation of the build shook a little as if that building and that building alone was have an earthquake. "Two phantoms with ground troops! They spotted me... taking fire... Its no good. Re-positioning. I'm gonna need Radio silence, I'll see you on the other side niÃ±os." The communication system went silent.

\* \* \*



><p>AN: Life sucks, but I'm starting to get the hang of it. Armin is going to be introduced in a few chapter so i thought i little behind the scenes info was in order. The Next chapter is already more than half way done and will be uploaded within the next two weeks I'm sorry for the lack of updates. and I promise to do my best to stick to a tight minimum one chapter a month schedule.

End  
file.